THEY BURNED THE BOOKS . . . BY STEPHEN VINCENT BENET

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THE
# Saturday Review
OF LITERATURE

VOLUME XXVI No. 19 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1943 FIFTEEN CENTS

"JOURNEY AMONG WARRIORS"
by Eve Curie
Reviewed by Henry C. Wolfe

"BROTHERS UNDER THE SKIN"
by Carey McWilliams
Reviewed by Oswald Garrison Villard

"THE FREEDOM TO BE FREE"
by James Marshall
Reviewed by Frank Kingdon

"EXPLORING THE DANGEROUS TRADES"
by Dr. Alice Hamilton
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"THE BATTLE FOR BUENOS AIRES"
by Sax Bradford
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"ELISABET NEY"
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(See "They Burned the Books," page 3).

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*The Saturday Review of Literature*

*May 8, 1943*

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $5 a year; $6 in Canada and other countries; $4 for service men in U. S. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXVI, No. 19, May 8, 1943. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Copyright, 1943.



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—From the jacket of "Beneath Another Sun."

# They Burned the Books

## *Ten Years Ago the Nazis Lighted the Way to Their Own Destruction*

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

*One year ago, on the occasion of the ninth anniversary of the burning of the books in Berlin, Stephen Vincent Benét wrote a radio play, "They Burned the Books," presented over the network of the National Broadcasting Company. The play was subsequently published in book form by Farrar & Rinehart under the same title.*

*This year, on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the book-burning, the National Broadcasting Company again presents on May 8, the late Mr. Benét's poem, a portion of which is herewith published by special arrangement with NBC and Farrar & Rinehart.*

### NARRATOR

TEN! Ten iron years of terror and evil!
Ten years since a fire was lighted in a public square in Berlin,
Ten years since the burning of the books! Do you remember?
Write it down in your calendars, May 10th, 1933
And write it down in red by the light of fire.

[*Crackle of flames, not too big*]

These are the people who work by fire.
The Reichstag went up in flames that February
And in March they got their majority and moved in,
The storm-troopers, the heroes of the beer-hall Putsch,
The boys with a taste for beatings and executions,
The limping doctor, the swollen ex-Army pilot,
Gangster and bravo, hoodlum and trigger-man,
Led by the screaming voice that is war and hate,
Moved in on Germany like a cloud of locusts,
Having planned and plotted for long.
They strangled the German Republic and moved in!

[*Crackle of flames*]

And people said, "Well, that's interesting?"
"Interessant, n'est ce pas?"
"My dear fellow, this fellow Hitler, quite extraord'nary.
Wonder what the beggar's up to?"
Or people said,
"I see by the papers they had an election in Germany.
Seem to have lots of elections over there.
Say, what do you know about this bank-holiday, Joe?
If you need some cash, I've got a couple of bucks,
But the banks are bound to re-open."
That was March fifth. They burned the books May tenth.
Why bother about the books?
Why bother to go back to that fateful year,
Year that prepared the blood-purge and the wars,
The death of Austria, the trick of Munich,
The bombers over the defenseless towns
And all we know and all that must be fought
Here, now and always till the score is paid,
And from its grim recital pick one instance
Of calculated wrong?
A book's a book. It's paper, ink and print.
If you stab it, it won't bleed.
If you beat it, it won't bruise.
If you burn it, it won't scream.

[*Crackle of flames*]

Burn a few books—burn hundreds—burn a million—
What difference does that make?

### VOICE OF SCHILLER

[*Firm, masculine and thoughtful*]

It does to me.
Excuse me, sir—my name is Friedrich Schiller,
A name once not unknown in Germany,
One of the glories, so they said, of Germany,
A Germany these robbers never knew.
Over a century and a half ago
I spoke and wrote of freedom.
I spoke against oppressors and dictators.
I spoke for every man who lifts his head
And will not bow to tyrants.
And, though I died, my poems and plays spoke on
In every tongue, in every land for freedom,
For that's what books can do.
And now, today, in the land where I was born—

### NAZI VOICE

The play, "William Tell," shall no longer be performed on the stage. It glorifies a dangerous and unseemly spirit of revolt against conquerors. It shall no longer be performed on the German stage. This is an order!

### NARRATOR

That's what they do. That's what they do to the mind.
That's what they do to the books of their own great dead.
That's how they foul the present and the past.
Shut the dead mouth so that it cannot speak
Because it spoke far too well.
Now, here's another ghost,
Pale, frail, satirical, a mocking spirit,
But with the light of freedom in his eyes.
Your name, brave ghost?

### HEINE'S VOICE

[*Sharp and humorous*]

My name? It's Heinrich Heine,
Born to much sorrow, born to be a man.
Out of my laughter and my heart's despair,
I made my little songs—such simple songs
A child could understand them—and grown men
Remember them and love them all their lives.
Some were so funny! Some were pitiful.
And some were trumpet-calls for liberty,



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For, though I couldn't fight, I was a fighter,
And when my time had come to die, I said
After long torment in my mattress-grave,
"Bury me with a sword upon my coffin
For I have been a soldier of humanity!"

NARRATOR

A soldier of humanity and you deserved that name,
But now—today—what happens to your songs?

HEINE

Well—there was one about a lorelei,
Just a small song. It went—let's see—like this—
[*He hums the first bars of the "Lorelei"*]
You've heard it, maybe? Many people sing it.
They sang it many years along the Rhine.
They sing it still.

NARRATOR

Still?

HEINE

Oh yes. That one of mine they—haven't burned.
That would be just a little difficult.
Too many Germans know the words by heart.
So, with totalitarian courtesy,
They've kept the song—and blotted out my name.
You see—I was a Jew.

NAZI VOICE

New editions of the works of the Jew, Heinrich Heine, are not desirable. In all textbooks and anthologies where the words of the song, "The Lorelei," appear, the name of the Jew Heine shall be omitted and the author given as "Author Unknown."

HEINE

[*Mocking*]
Author well known—since 1842.
Author unknown—since 1933.

NARRATOR

That's what they do to soldiers of humanity!
They're coming now—the men with the tramping feet,
The hard-faced boys with the truncheons—the new order.
The flames they've lighted howl and scream in the square.
Hear them tramp! They're coming! They bring the books to the fire!

NAZI VOICE

[*On slight echo*]
The books of the Jew, Albert Einstein—to the flames!

OTHER VOICES

Sieg Heil!

[*Noise of flames*]

NARRATOR

Einstein, the scientist,
Who thought in universes.
Einstein, the man we honor in our land.

NAZI VOICE

To the flames with him—to the flames!

VOICE

Sieg Heil!

NAZI VOICE

The books of Sigmund Freud—to the flames!

[*Noise of flames*]

*From the jacket of "Beneath Another Sun."*

NARRATOR

Freud, prober of the riddles of man's mind,
World-known, world famous.

[*Noise of flames*]

NAZI VOICE

To the flames—the flames!
Burn them—we don't want thought—we don't want mind.
We want one will, one leader and one folk!

HEINE

[*Cutting in*]
One vast, inexorable stupidity!

NAZI VOICE

Who said that? Gag him—burn him—to the flames!
To the flames with Heinrich Mann and Thomas Mann,
Gorki, the Russian, Schnitzler, the Austrian.
Hemingway, Dreiser, the Americans,
And now, to the flames with this!

NARRATOR

That is the Bible. Would you burn God's word?

NAZI VOICE

We need no Bible but the words of the Leader.
We have no god except the German gods.
We have the tanks, the guns, the bombs, the planes
And that shall be enough!

VOICES

Sieg Heil! Sieg Heil!

HEINE

And yet there shall be weeping for this burning,
Weeping throughout your land,
The weeping of poor women and old men
Who loved and trusted in the word of God.

NAZI VOICE

How dare you speak?
Exile and Jew, how dare you speak to us?

HEINE

I speak for all humanity in chains,
Exile, Jew, Christian—for the prison-camps,
And those who dwell in them and bide their time—
For the dishonored, for the dispossessed,
For those you have ground like wheat.
I speak for every honest man of God.
Driven from his own pulpit, by your might,
And for those who saw what happened—and remember it.
I speak for the dark earth and the mute voices
And yet I speak humanity unbound.

NAZI VOICE

You? You are just a singer.
A worthless singer!

HEINE

True.
And that is why I speak, because I know,
Being a singer, what moves every heart.
I speak with little barbs and little songs
So simple any child can understand
Just what they say—and yet so memorable
Once you have heard them you will not forget them
But they will stay within your memory,
Sweet as first love, salt as the tears of man.
Free as the winds of heaven in the sky.
And you do well to try to shut my mouth
For, while one little song of mine remains,
All that you hate and would destroy remains,
Humor and grace and human tenderness,
Laughter and mockery and the bare sword,
The sword of liberty.

NAZI VOICE

We'll shut your mouth!
We'll find you in the graveyard where you lie,
Dig up your rotten bones and scatter them



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Till there is nobody in all the world
Who's heard of Heinrich Heine!

HEINE

[*Mocking*]

Dig deep! Dig well!
Scatter my dust, break up my burial stone,
Erase your name with all your thoroughness,
Your lumbering, fat-headed thoroughness,
Smelling of beer and bombs!
And yet, while there's a book, there will be Heine!
There will be Heine, laughing at you still.

NARRATOR

Yes.
There will be Heine. There will be all those
Whose words lift up man's heart.
But only if we choose.
This battle is not just a battle of lands,
A war of conquest, a balance-of-power war.
It is a battle for the mind of man
Not only for his body. It will decide
What you and you and you can think and say,
Plan, dream, and hope for in your inmost minds
For the next thousand years.
Decide whether man goes forward toward the light,
Stumbling and striving, clumsy—but a man—
Or back to the dark ages, the dark gods,
The old barbaric forest that is fear.
Suppose it happened here.
Suppose the books were burned *here*.
This is a school, somewhere in America.
This is the kind of school we've always had,
Argued about, paid taxes for, kept on with,
Because we want our kids to know some things.
Suppose it happened here.
Impossible? Fantastic? Sounds that way.
Ask the teachers and books of murdered France,
France, that loved letters — France, once the light of Europe—
Read the list of books the French—can't read any more.
What sort of books?
Well, there are all kinds, of course, from detective stories
To the life of a great French queen. But here, for instance,
Is a history of Poland—

NAZI VOICE

Suppressed.

NARRATOR

Why?
Well, according to the New Order,
Poland has no history.

NAZI VOICE

Poland has no history.

NARRATOR

And here,
"French History for Secondary Schools"
"History of France" "History of France and Europe."
"Contemporary Europe" "Legends and Fables"
Of France for Children—

NAZI VOICE

Suppressed. Withdrawn. On the blacklist.

NARRATOR

But there are not guns or daggers
Stored up against revolt. They're the commonplace
Textbooks, thumbed by a thousand schoolboy fingers.
Inkspotted, dogeared, drowsed above in classrooms,
Familiar and dull and mild.
They must be harmless enough.

NAZI VOICE

They are not harmless. We know what we are doing.

NARRATOR

Yes. They know what they are doing.
They know, if you take the children of a country
And teach them nothing but lies about the world,
The man who grows from the child will believe the lies
And never hear of the truth.
It's a simple plan,
As simple and efficient as arsenic.
Just rewrite all of the books to suit yourself
And the rest will follow in time—the beatings and the burnings,
The massed, mechanical might and the metal men.

NAZI VOICE

That's it, my friend. You see, we can destroy
Houses with bombs and people with starvation.
Outflank defensive lines and tramp ahead.
But, while there is a single man alive,
Hidden or starving, who somehow remembers
The vows of freedom, the undying words
That spoke for man's free mind.
Though they were said a thousand years ago,
Our conquest is not perfect.
They are terrible,
These immaterial and airy words,
Sharp as edged swords, infectious as the plague.
They travel silently from mind to mind,
Leaving no trace. They live in quiet books
You hardly would suspect unless our leader
Had wisely warned us of them. They hide and creep
In jokes and catchwords under our own noses,

[*V motif in music*]

In dots and dashes, in a bar of music.
And, worse than all,
They live in the silent eyes of hungry men,
Waiting their time, waiting their hungry time.
That's why they must be killed.
That's why we burn the books. That's why we burn
All knowledge, all the recollected thought
Gathered in patience through three thousand years
Of civilization. That knowledge is man's brain
And till we've taken an electric wire
And burned the brain-cells from his very brain
So he will be a dumb and gaping slave,
We cannot win. And still we mean to win!
Get the fire ready! Bring the books to the fire!

[*Fire-music, fading into the tolling of a great bell*]

NARRATOR

Ten years ago.

[*Bell tolls*]

Ten years ago in Berlin.

[*Bell tolls*]

Ten years ago in a public square in Berlin.

[*Bell tolls—sound of flames*]

They burned the books and that was the beginning.
We didn't know it then. We know it now.



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# *International List of Authors Whose Books Have Been Banned and Burned in Nazi-Germany*

(Those whose names are accompanied by an asterisk appeared on the first Nazi list of banned and burned books.)

## I. NORTH AMERICAN AUTHORS

1. Sinclair Lewis
2. Upton Sinclair*
3. Helen Keller*
4. Scholem Asch*
5. Ernest Hemingway
6. John Steinbeck
7. Pearl Buck
8. Louis Bromfield
9. Waldo Frank
10. Langston Hughes
11. Dorothy Thompson
12. William L. Shirer
13. Howard K. Smith
14. Franz Boas
15. Edna Ferber
16. Theodore Dreiser
17. John Dos Passos
18. Vincent Sheean
19. Archibald MacLeish
20. John Reed
21. Erskine Caldwell
22. Richard Wright
23. Joseph E. Davies
24. Josephine Herbst
25. Edgar Snow
26. Carl Sandburg
27. Stephen V. Benét
28. Edna St. V. Millay
29. Clifford Odets
30. Maxwell Anderson
31. Albert Maltz
32. John Gunther
33. Elmer Rice
34. Michael Gold
35. Sherwood Anderson
36. Jack London
37. Martha Gellhorn
38. Lillian Hellman
39. Kay Boyle

## II. ENGLISH AUTHORS

1. G. Bernard Shaw
2. H. G. Wells
3. Aldous Huxley
4. H. Wickham Steed
5. Bertrand Russell
6. J. B. Priestley
7. Louis Golding
8. Eric Knight
9. Hewlett Johnson
10. D. H. Lawrence
11. Christopher Caudwell
12. Rosamond Lehmann
13. Dutchess of Atholl
14. Norman Angell
15. Stephen Spender
16. John Strachey
17. Winston Churchill
18. Duff Cooper
19. Tom Wintringham
20. Ralph W. Fox
21. Harold I. Laski
22. Sylvia T. Warner
23. Jan Struther
24. W. H. Auden

## III. GERMAN AUTHORS

1. Thomas Mann*
2. Heinrich Mann*
3. Albert Einstein*
4. Karl von Ossietzky*
5. Lion Feuchtwanger*
6. Erich Maria Remarque*
7. Ludwig Renn*
8. Arnold Zweig*
9. Ernst Toller*
10. Anna Seghers
11. Emil Ludwig*
12. Bert Brecht*
13. Leonhard Frank
14. Johannes R. Becher*
15. Friedrich Wolf*
16. Hermann Broch
17. Ernst Bloch
18. Theodor Plivier
19. Hannes Marchwitza
20. Walter Hasenclever
21. Fritz von Unruh
22. Kurt Tucholsky
23. Erich Kästner
24. Alfred Döblin
25. Heinrich Heine*
26. Friedrich Schiller
27. Karl Marx*
28. Friedrich Engels*
29. G. E. Lessing
30. August Bebel*
31. Karl Liebknecht*
32. Rosa Luxemburg*
33. Walter Rathenau*
34. Franz Mehring*
35. Karl Kautsky*
36. Ludwig Feuerbach*
37. Ludwig Börne*
38. Berthold Auerbach
39. Bertha von Suttner
40. Lassalle*
41. Gustav Landauer*
42. Maximilian Harden
43. Hugo Preuss*
44. Oskar Maria Graf
45. Konrad Heiden

## IV. AUSTRIAN AUTHORS

1. Sigmund Freud*
2. Jacob Wassermann*
3. Franz Werfel
4. Stefan Zweig*
5. Arthur Schnitzler*
6. Robert Musil
7. Josef Roth
8. Richard B. Hoffmann
9. Alfred Polgar
10. Otto Bauer
11. Kurt von Schuschnigg
12. Odoen von Horvath
13. Emil A. Rheinhard
14. Fritz Brügel
15. Felix Salten
16. Vicki Baum
17. Karl Krsuds
18. E. Friedell

## V. FRENCH AUTHORS

1. François Voltaire
2. Maximilien Robespierre
3. Romain Rolland
4. Henri Barbusse*
5. André Gide
6. Jules Romains
7. André Malraux
8. Louis Aragon
9. Jean Richard Bloch
10. Georges Bernanos
11. Julien Benda
12. Léon Blum
13. René Schickele
14. Anatole France
15. Emil Buré
16. Emile Zola
17. Henri Bergson
18. Victor Hugo
19. André Maurois
20. Eve Curie
21. Edouard Herriot
22. Aristide Briand
23. Georges Clemenceau
24. Jean Cassou
25. St. Éxupery
26. Genéviève Tabouis
27. Henri de Kerillis
28. Roger M. du Gard
29. Tristan Tzara
30. Henri Bernstein
31. Ivan Goll
32. Louis Verneuil
33. Vladimir Pozner

## VI. RUSSIAN AUTHORS

1. Maxim Gorki
2. Alexei Tolstoi
3. Michael Sholokhov
4. Ilja Ehrenburg
5. Konstantin Fedin
6. Konstantin Simonon
7. J. Babel
8. Yevgenii Petrov
9. Vladimir Kataev
10. Majakowski
11. Boris Pasternak
12. Alexander Blok
13. Vladimir I. Lenin
14. Joseph Stalin
15. Anatolii Lunacharski
16. Maxim Litvinov
17. K. Paustowski
18. A. Fadejew

## VII. CZECHOSLOVAK AUTHORS

1. Thomas Masaryk
2. Eduard Benes
3. Jaroslaw Hasek
4. Karel Capek
5. Franz Kafka
6. Max Brod
7. Egon Erwin Kisch
8. F. C. Weiskopf
9. Hostowski
10. Adolf Hoffmeister
11. Nesval
12. André Simone

## VIII. SCANDINAVIAN AUTHORS

1. Selma Lagerlöf
2. Sigrid Undset
3. Karin Michaelis
4. Martin Andersen-Nexö
5. Georg Brandes
6. Nordal Grieg

## IX. SPANISH AUTHORS

1. Federico G. Lorca
2. Ramon Sender
3. José Bergamin
4. Antonio Machado
5. Rafael Alberti
6. Maria Teresa Leon
7. Manuel Azaña y Diez
8. Alvarez del Vayo
9. Constancia de la Mora

—*William Sharp*

**Ex Libris**

—*Jerry Doyle*

**The Way the Wind Is Blowing**

THESE two cartoons have been drawn under the sponsorship of the Council of Books in Wartime as part of the Council's activities signalizing the tenth anniversary of the burning of the books in Berlin. The Council has also arranged for a number of radio programs and for special newsreels featuring statements by national officials. Bookstores throughout the country will display streamers with the lettering "They Burned the Books" distributed by the Council.

On Monday, May 10, public libraries throughout the country will lower their flags to half mast for a brief period at noon, with appropriate ceremonies at the base of the flag. The pattern for the ceremonies has been worked out by officials of the New York Public Library.



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# The Compassionate Voyager

*JOURNEY AMONG WARRIORS. By Eve Curie. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co.* 1943. 501 *pp. Index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

THIS is a powerful and remarkable book. It is one of those rare reports on the war that keep you riveted to the sentence you are reading, fearful that you may miss a word, while at the same time straining to get on to the fascinating chapters that must lie ahead. The chapters do not always make comfortable reading. There is plenty of horror in them, and reproach that is almost bitterness. But what inspiring, provocative, constructive chapters they are!

"Journey Among Warriors" is the famous author's story of her 40,000-mile trip to the Allied camp. She "wanted to see at work the coalition of free men that was slowly being formed to fight the great War of Independence of the World." Her trans-Atlantic clipper took off from New York November 10, 1941. She left New Delhi April 4, 1942, bound for her return to the United States. She endured the steaming heat of equatorial Africa and the Far East. She froze in the forty-seven-below-zero cold of Russia. En route she talked with officers, soldiers, and civilians, with the headlined leaders and the forgotten men, in Africa, Iran, Burma, India, Russia, and China.

All along the line the events of five momentous months registered their impact on her survey. She was on hand for the Nazi retreat in Russia, the Cripps mission to India, the arrival of American troops in India. She was visiting the North African front when the news of Pearl Harbor horrified, stupified—and heartened—the men of the United Nations forces. On the return visit to Africa she was to see shiploads of equipment from the United States being assembled by the Aladdin's lamp technique of modern industry into hangars, pre-fabricated houses, kitchens, radio stations, and a hundred other machine-age contributions to global warfare. She got back to an America that was learning "first, that she was not infallible, and second, that she needed the world just as badly as the world needed her."

Through Mlle. Curie's account flows the living, pulsing bloodstream of the Allies' war. The day-after-day heroism of the British dog-fighters over Malta, the snobbish, lackadaisical resignation of the English in Burma, the fanatical patriotism of Polish soldiers "spilled all over the earth," the concerted selflessness of the people's war in Russia—she shows how these go into the making of Allied strength and weakness. Not in abstract, ideological discussions, but through the routine, daily lives of men and women often through words faltered in many tongues—she lays bare the United Nations problems inherent in the tragedy and destiny of France, in the protest of the Chinese that they must "beat Japan, not with miracles, but with planes, shells, and guns," in the plight of the Hindu and the Negro in a white man's society. She has the Communist officer, the Free French admiral, and the Nazi prisoner all speak for themselves.

Mlle. Curie is a superb reporter. She has a keen eye for minute physical detail. And she would not be the daughter of Marie Sklodowska if she did not have an open and compassionate heart for human interest. She notes and interprets with equal sharpness the dusty gray rice of the tragic old shoe-sewer in Calcutta and the eyes of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, "gray, the color of dark steel." Calcutta, stupid and nervous, seems to her "a fat, weak animal fascinated by the vicious snake of war and rendered powerless by it." Nothing escapes her, neither the stolen Russian shawl wound inside the uniform of the dead Nazi soldier nor the modernistic architecture of Tel-Aviv. She has turned out the most memorable verbal photography of the far-flung camp of Liberty that this reviewer has seen.

**Mlle. Eve Curie has an open and compassionate heart for human interest**

Memorable too are her interviews with the great and the near-great among United Nations spokesmen. Sir Stafford Cripps, General de Gaulle, General Wavell, Gandhi, General Chennault, Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek, Nehru, and a host of other leaders told her of their problems and their aims. They were all realists. Each realized the obstacles that lay in the way of United Nations collaboration during the war and after the war. From Chinese leaders Mlle. Curie learned that China would never again agree to accept Western domination. From General Chennault she heard: "We will save ourselves by attacking the enemy. By attacking always and always. We must move forward, not backwards. From China, we must strike at Japan's heart, with American machines and American men." Each interview is significant in itself and vital as an integral part of that complex and magnificent union that is the anti-Axis war machine. By her honesty and her objectivity Mlle. Curie has done a unique job of liaison for the Allies.

One of the highlights of the book is the section devoted to American transportation and the service of supplies. Here spin the tiny unseen wheels that keep the juggernaut of global war rolling. Mlle. Curie was privileged to fly on the first United States clipper that crossed to the west coast of Africa by way of Brazil and the South Atlantic. Her travel companions were the pioneer pilots, mechanics, and engineers who were to ferry to the Middle East and farther American planes and war supplies for the British, Russians, and Chinese. In mosquito-infested swamps and jungle terrain bases had to be erected, made sanitary and livable, then stocked with appetizing food. The author comments on the "furious efficiency" with which the Americans worked at this gargantuan task of pioneering. Americans may well be proud of such a furious efficiency.

"The main benefit I had reaped from my voyage," says Mlle. Curie, "was that it made me understand the fundamental differences between those powerful allies, America, Britain, Russia, China—understand that only a clear knowledge of these differences could ultimately lead to an effective partnership among countries whose personalities were indomitable." Let the leaders and the soldiers of those countries read Mlle. Curie's wise and illuminating report. It should help lead to the partnership.



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# The World Men Worked In

*EXPLORING THE DANGEROUS TRADES: The Autobiography of Alice Hamilton. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication.* 1943. 433 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

DR. Alice Hamilton is a distinguished captain in the small band of pioneers who broke new ground in exposing the socio-industrial abuses existing in America during the first decades of the present century. Her autobiography is a fighting record of her successes and failures in combatting the industrial evils helplessly endured by anonymous thousands of poorly-organized workers engaged in the "dangerous trades" of smelting, mining, stone-cutting, and enamelling. "Exploring the Dangerous Trades" is a shocking indictment of the proprietors of a society which not only permitted such conditions to exist, but strenuously opposed all efforts to improve them.

It was at Hull House just at the hinge of the century that Dr. Hamilton imbibed the ideas of social and industrial betterment which were fermenting in the minds of Jane Addams, Florence Kelly, and Julia Lathrop. These ideas were singularly free of sentimentality; there was nothing of the "merciful muddle" about them. Stout leg-work in factories, mines, asylums, and prisons laid the factual basis of any campaign undertaken by these women. Only after thorough surveys had been made, and realistic objectives laid down, did they then proceed to storm legislative halls with tough-fibered proposals of reform. Rarely did they fail to get these proposals enacted into law. It was a grand school of strategy, and Dr. Hamilton carried these techniques into her later campaigns.

Terse and circumstantial narrative, more exciting than any fiction, sweeps us along with Dr. Hamilton, during her investigations of the smelting and enamelling trades in Pittsburgh, Trenton, and elsewhere. I have never read a grimmer portrayal of men at work.

> In front of the great furnaces stood the enameler and his helper. The door swung open and, with the aid of a mechanism which required strength to operate, a red-hot bathtub was lifted out. The enameler then dredges as quickly as possible powdered enamel over the hot surface, where it melted and flowed to form an even coating. His helper stood beside him working the turntable on which the tub stood so as to present all its inner surface to the enameler. The dredge was big and so heavy that part of its weight had to be taken by a chain from the roof. The men during this procedure were in a thick cloud of enamel dust, and were breathing rapidly and deeply because of the exertion and the extreme heat. I found that I could not stand the heat any nearer than twelve feet but the workmen had to come much closer.

—*From the book*

Against inhuman conditions such as these Dr. Hamilton labored for more than a quarter of a century. Success has crowned her work. Due largely to her efforts, legislation in various states now protects (partially, at least) the laborer engaging in the more arduous of the "dangerous trades." Progress has yet to be made, and must be made, but it took an Alice Hamilton to drive the initial wedge into the granite resistance of the National Association of Manufacturers.

Dr. Alice Hamilton's life is a paradigm of the best that has been thought and done by American women. Her courage was great and her vision practical. Her achievements have matched them both. "Exploring The Dangerous Trades" is a minor epic and can be recommended as a beacon to the women's clubs of the United States.

# The World of Joseph Conrad

*CONRAD AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES. By J. H. Retinger. New York: Roy Publishers.* 1943. 182 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by EDNA LERNER

EVEN more than most biographies this one depicts the author as well as the subject. Retinger (now a member of the Polish government-in-exile) met Joseph Conrad in England when he was himself still a young man and before the older man had grown famous. Up to that time his career had run roughly parallel to Conrad's, although with a lag of almost a generation: both had been born in Poland, had left it for adventure, had been educated in France, and had settled in England.

Of these early years Retinger has little fresh to add to what we already know of Conrad. But his first-hand accounts of the Conrad of the later years, at home in a small house in rural England, do much to clothe with flesh and blood one who—for all his reputation—has remained a mysterious figure on the periphery of English letters. Retinger writes in the half-reticent half-impetuous manner of one who knows more than his sense of responsibility as an intimate will permit him to tell. But the essential picture comes through of Conrad as an affectionate, if demanding, husband and father, catered to by a devoted and crippled wife; of a strong and somewhat crotchety personality; of a man who made his own social laws and forced others to conform to them; of an egotist and, for all his polish, something of a primitive.

Much of the material Retinger has chosen to include has little relevance to his central theme, although some has an interest of its own, as with the chapter on Arnold Bennett. But even when it adds nothing to our knowledge of Conrad, it manages to illuminate the curious relationship between author and subject.

That relationship was not a simple one. Both men were Poles, but of the two Retinger's roots in their native soil were more abiding. Conrad had an enthusiasm for his adopted country, England, which for a time blotted out his consciousness of himself as a Pole; but with the outbreak of World War I he began, under Retinger's tutelage, to take a more active interest in Polish affairs. Retinger is at pains to underline his affection and respect for Conrad. Yet one may discern undercurrents of bitterness and hurt pride which belie his protestations, and the reader comes away feeling that while the young Retinger may have been Conrad's disciple, the older Retinger was not without reservations in his enthusiasm for his friend.

How otherwise account for the veiled hints about a shadowy "Miss B.," who seems to have been an English journalist who roused the admiration of both men and was ultimately the cause of a break between them? "The shadow of a woman stood between us, a distance of six years of fulfillment on one side and disappointment on the other."

On this note of muted triumph this curiously personal memoir of a friend ends.



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# The Race of the Living

*BROTHERS UNDER THE SKIN. By Carey McWilliams. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.* 1943. 325 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

MR. McWILLIAMS has rendered a very great public service in producing this volume, which is worth any twenty of the wartime books dealing with other phases of the national problems forced upon our attention by the crisis in our national life. For this one deals with the embattled minorities within the United States which are minorities because their skins are not white. Here we have a picture of the "nonvanishing Indians," the Chinese, the Mexicans within our borders, our Japanese hostages, the amazing Hawaiian melting-pot, our unhappy Puerto Rican wards, and our Filipinos, together with the all-pervasive Negro problem. They are not pretty pictures simply because we have refused to face them, declined to treat them in a statesmanlike way, and have preferred to ignore them whenever we could. I find most people are rather irritated that one of the many unexpected impacts of this war has been to put these problem citizens of ours straight to the front. They resent unpleasant domestic problems appearing at every turn. It wasn't part of the game, which was simply to walk over Hitler in the name of democracy, so there is often a desire to believe that the projection into the picture of these colored Americans is just the result of Nazi propaganda.

Of course it is not that. True, the Goebbels propaganda has not been wholly unskilful in pointing out the unhappy sides of our national life, and Mr. McWilliams has shrewdly pointed out that when Goebbels talks about our injustice to the Indians he means not merely those on our own reservations, but he has in mind the 30,000,000 Indians in the Americas who constitute "a real audience" for the Goebbels propaganda. John Collier, the head of our Indian Bureau, reports that most of this hostile radio propaganda comes from South America, and stresses that "the Indian is being done to death by Uncle Sam, exploited, poisoned, starved, whipped around. There is nothing that they do not allege." The difficulty, of course, is that we are pretending in this war to save democracy, when we have not given democracy to all these millions within our borders. Our sins are catching up with us in the most surprising way, and most of us don't like it and think discussion of it should be postponed until we have smashed Hitler, Mussolini, and the Japanese, and occupied their capitals.

There is another school which thinks that we cannot hope to win this war unless we live up to our pretensions and put our own house in order. Mr. McWilliams does not wholly take that extreme position, but he does set forth the problems confronting us, and has produced the finest kind of treatise—in the best sense of the word—which every well informed American ought to read. He is, of course, extremely competent in his field because he has lived among these groups in California and elsewhere, and has written much on these subjects besides serving his state in official capacities. I am astounded at his detachment, notably in dealing with the question of the Japanese who have been driven out of California by military order in what seems to me, as a layman, a direct violation of the Constitution of the United States. I admire his courage also in pointing out that in Hawaii the absence of tabus on intermarriage and racial intermixture has helped to work out the almost unparalleled racial situation in the islands. He knows, of course, that racial tensions exist beneath the surface, and that there still is great danger of some phases of the labor problem coming to the surface. Indeed, he fears that a race crisis is rapidly developing there as the second generation of many of the immigrants comes through the schools, is dissatisfied with farm labor, and is unable to find white-collar employment.

His final chapter, "Outline For Action," contains the constructive suggestions he has to offer. "The Nation," he says, "now possesses, however, the will and the physical unity and the power to achieve what it should have achieved fifty years ago—total democracy in the United States." We know today, he continues, that "a nation can be administered without creating victims." He feels that the South's attempted solution of the race problem is an obvious failure and that bi-racialism is "stultifying, costly, stupid and self-perpetuating." He feels that we must proceed to liquidate the spiritual hiatus between the races "if the critical tensions already developing are not to explode, with disastrous consequences, either in the immediate future or during the post-war period." He calls for the establishment of the principle that "as a matter of national policy there shall be no discrimination against individuals because of race, color, creed, or country of national origin."

He would have Congress move at once through a congressional committee of inquiry to investigate the whole problem of colored minorities in the United States based upon a recognition of the inadequacy of existing legislation. He would enforce the Bill of Rights, and the enforcement of all constitutional rights by national action. All of this is a tremendous order, particularly at this time when feeling in the South over the little that the government has done for our minorities since the beginning of the war is at a white heat, and Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt is a special target of widespread abuse. That is a brave suggestion when several Southern Governors have all but served notice of their intention to take their states out of the Union if there is a continuance of any policy in

*—Photograph by Eliot Elisofon. "U. S. Camera, 1942."*



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Washington which makes against the "inalienable law of segregation of the races." But Mr. McWilliams takes his position squarely upon the principle of human justice and right and upon the Constitution of the United States. He undoubtedly will be dismissed by many as harebrained, but he is enormously fortified by what is happening every day. Unfortunately Americans do not realize that we are heading straight for catastrophe within our own borders, and that it will not help us to head off that catastrophe by saying that these difficult questions must not be left to theorists and agitators and social revolutionaries, but to the slow working out of the processes of time. For the catastrophe is at our doors, and, as Mr. McWilliams points out, the problem of our racial minorities in no way differs from the same problems which will confront the United Nations when peace has come.

Naturally Mr. McWilliams stresses one of the most important points in the whole situation, and that is the steady awakening in the South itself to the gravity of the crisis and, among many of the younger people, to the fact that remedies must be found and a new way of life, to give economic and social and political justice to all concerned. I am afraid that Mr. McWilliams's book will not have one-one hundredth part of the readers that it should obtain. If it finds its way to a few thousands it will still do a most important work, and I am willing to prophesy that when the show-down comes on these racial problems Mr. McWilliams's brave leadership for justice and the right will be as acclaimed as it should be today.

# Where Real Freedom Begins

*THE FREEDOM TO BE FREE. By James Marshall. New York: The John Day Company.* 1943. 277 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by FRANK KINGDON

JAMES MARSHALL has written a wise book that gathers its wisdom from his own real struggle with the problems of education as he has had to wrestle with them in his capacity of member and chairman of the Board of Education of New York City. In a unique degree our public schools become the centers to which our social conflicts report most vividly. Individual parents have a natural emotional reaction to the institution that affects their children more intimately than any other except the home, and so the school continually gets a volume and candor of criticism that lets it know unmistakably the feelings and points of view of the homes from which its students come. At the same time, every pressure group in the community looks upon the school as a legitimate channel for its own particular set of doctrines, and thus school officials are kept aware of the tides of interest that are agitating their constituencies. Any man who is sensitive to social experiences cannot fail to be shaken out of all complacency when he finds himself at the center of such a vortex of opinions; and if he is an intelligent man he will ask himself what all these excitements portend for society itself. Mr. Marshall is both socially sensitive and intelligent, and "The Freedom to Be Free" is part of his answer to what is happening to human beings in our modern world.

He begins with the recognition that the changes in human relationships created by our new instruments of production and communication are forcing a re-creation of our institutions, and he sees this social reconstruction as so fundamental that he calls it by its adequate name—a revolution. He is deeply committed to the human ends that only a democracy can serve, and so. he asks the searching questions: How can we define democracy so that it has valid meaning in our kind of society? And, how must we remake our institutions so that they will serve the new dimensions of human relationships and yet preserve the democratic impulse? His exploration of the answers to these questions takes him into many fields and reveals an unusually literate mind. To follow him in these pages is itself an educational experience. I should like to see every one interested in education put this book in his bag and make it a part of his summer's cogitation.

**James Marshall**

Most of us are aware of the wider dimensions of experience that modern invention has forced upon us, but I think that few of us have really come to grips with the degree to which our modern complex civilization has heightened our individual discontents. We are in a time when every kind of conflict, external and internal, is intensified, and the paradox of human nature itself is more paradoxical than ever. Consequently, the merely traditional methods for resolving our conflicts, the familiar and inherited imperatives, are no longer adequate. They have to be restated or amplified, and this very process adds to the general confusion because it introduces sharp issues as to methods into what is already a dispute about ends. This all results in a condition that multiplies our dissatisfactions while, at the same time, it is incapable of providing us with any signpost to point the direction in which the pursuit of happiness lies.

All we can assert is that our only hope for finding such a signpost is through the free exchange of ideas, with all the contests and sharings of ignorance that such freedom entails. Democracy is opportunity, even encouragement. for open struggle between ideas and interests, in the belief that thus we can achieve a more just equilibrium among social rivals than by any other means. Within this open conflict every individual can find his own cause, identify himself with his compatible group, manifest his talents, and rise to that general authority which his gifts earn. Thus, in the process of struggle itself, democracy releases the impulses of its more articulate members and provides an arena for self-fulfilment, one of its chief ends, and, at the same time, uncovers for society those individuals who have the quality of leadership.

Mr. Marshall's exposition of the idea that society is but individual experience expanded is persuasively presented, but I think that he has not taken sufficiently into account the impulses to group action that are specifically motivated by group experience. Social psychology does not exactly parallel individual, and so, while I found his chapter on Germany and Japan provocative, I found myself left with questions it did not answer. This is part of the value of the book. It has all the merits of clear thinking, which means that it is as valuable at the points where the reader disagrees with it as at the points where he accepts it. I cannot refrain from adding that it is refreshing to have so thoughtful a book written in so lucid a style.



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# The Nazi Nest in South America

*THE BATTLE FOR BUENOS AIRES. By Sax Bradford. New York: Harcourt, Bruce & Co.* 1943. 307 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by STEPHEN NAFT

THE Battle for Buenos Aires is the story of the struggle between the fervently antitotalitarian Argentine people and the isolationist, "neutral," but in reality frankly pro-Axis, government in Buenos Aires. Argentina is the only country in this hemisphere which, in spite of its engagement at the Rio de Janeiro conference to break relations with any power attacking any American country, still maintains friendly relations with the Axis powers. Of the twenty American countries, twelve—the six Central American nations, the three Caribbean republics, Mexico, Brazil and Bolivia—have declared war. Seven others have broken relations and expelled all Axis diplomats, consuls, and agents together with their staffs, their open and secret propagandists, and spies. The land and fishery concessions granted to Axis subjects and corporations have been cancelled, and their airlines, news agencies, and radio broadcast stations taken over by the government or suppressed. In these countries the Axis agents can no longer work with impunity under diplomatic immunity for the establishment of the Nazi New Order in this hemisphere.

This *would* have been a great blow to the Axis Fifth Column in this hemisphere *if* the Argentine government had not received with open arms all the expelled Nazi, Fascist, and Japanese agents. They live now under government protection in balmy Buenos Aires, where they can watch the rest of the Americas, and continue their work of intrigue, conspiracy, and espionage.

This is the theme of Sax Bradford's book in which we find ample evidence and well documented instances of the greatest freedom allowed by the government to the Nazi and Falangist agents in the country, while almost all manifestations in favor of the allied nations and the United States are prohibited by the police under the pretext of protecting Argentina's "neutrality." When German submarines sank an Argentine merchant ship, the Castillo government meekly submitted when the Germans refused to apologize. Castillo even promised to avoid Eastern United States ports because of the Axis submarine campaign, which is tantamount to recognition of the German submarine blockade of the United States. At the same time his Foreign Minister Ruiz Guinaz announced that he will maintain "at any cost" communications with Spain, to which Argentina is sending much material urgently needed by Germany.

All information received in Buenos Aires from the other Americas can be freely sent by letter, or cable, or airmail, uncensored from neutral Argentina to equally neutral and appeased Spain, whence it passes to Germany. In our rigid respect for the sovereign rights of neutral countries we abstain from interfering in this charming intercourse. That may be one of the reasons that the German submarines are so well informed about the tonnage and the place and the date of departure of ships from American ports. But the 40,000 American soldiers and sailors reported missing will never know.

Bradford's book gives also a good survey of the efforts of the opponents of the government's neutrality, which is difficult to distinguish from hostile non-belligerency, and of the revelations made by the press, the opposition-ist pro-Allied parliamentary committees, the trade unions, and other organizations. The book is racily written, interesting, and very timely.

**Sax Bradford**

# Stream of Unconsciousness

*NAZI CONQUEST THROUGH GERMAN CULTURE. By Ralph F. Bischoff. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press.* 1942. 198 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

ACCORDING to Max Weber, "nationalism is a common bond of sentiment the adequate expression of which would be a state of its own, and which therefore normally tends to give birth to a state." The past hundred and fifty years have witnessed the triumph of that "normal" trend. In vain, such eminent scholars as the late Monsignore I. Seipel or the late Polish anthropologist Bronislaw Malinowski fought against the integral identification of nation and state—an idea which, indeed, was to destroy the European equilibrium. To Malinowski, Hitlerism, quite correctly, appeared primarily as "an extreme expression in the shift of balance between nation and state."

This disturbed balance is one of the underlying themes of Professor Bischoff's excellent study. Drawing upon a wealth of primary sources, he demonstrates how German *Kultur* became a weapon of political infiltration and aggression. Although he obviously does not believe in anything like an age-old Macchiavellian scheme on the part of the Germans—as so many writers do under the impact of contemporary events—he convincingly exhibits the intrinsic dynamics of national claims following the "normal" nation-state tendency outside the national state.

The case of Czechoslovakia and her disintegration serves him as an illustration—American developments as an analogy. "Had the German population of Czechoslovakia been Czechized in the same way the Germans in America have been Americanized, there never could have been a Henlein"—so the author sums up his comprehensive survey of German-American history.

Unlike most writers, who are eager to draw a line between the super-national "Prussian" mind and German mentality as a whole, Professor Bischoff traces back the hypertrophy of German nationalism, in fact, of Nazism, to the ideas of those German romanticists who are so ardently opposed to any rationalism. And here, we can see once more for how long a time the Germans had been toying with exactly the kind of ideas to which they so willingly yielded in our own days.

Professor Bischoff, of German ancestry himself, spent the disastrous year 1933-34 as an exchange student in Berlin and in an *Arbeitslager* near the Polish border. With insight and much scholarship he has added an interesting piece of research to the many attempts at isolating some of the elements that gave rise to the monster.



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## 1943 PULITZER PRIZES

**FICTION:** "Dragon's Teeth," by Upton Sinclair. Viking Press.

**HISTORY:** "Paul Revere and the World He Lived In," by Esther Forbes. Houghton Mifflin.

**BIOGRAPHY:** "Admiral of the Ocean Sea," by Samuel Eliot Morison. Little, Brown.

**POETRY:** "A Witness Tree," by Robert Frost. Henry Holt.

**DRAMA:** "The Skin of Our Teeth," by Thornton Wilder. Harper's.

AS is to be expected, the shine has been taken off the Pulitzer Prize awards by the intensity and preponderance of the war news. It isn't as it used to be, when the literary world would sit on the edge of its collective seat for days before the awards were announced, and then, once the prizes became known, would climb into the Tower of Babel for the next few weeks, there to hold forth with feverish protest or acclaim, more often the former, since the Pulitzer Committees could usually be depended upon to come through with one or more selections that would raise the very roof. Today it is difficult to build a *cause celêbre* out of the awards. There is a momentary flurry, but not much more; the news of the Pulitzer Prizes quickly recedes into the dimensionless mountain of Things That Happened Yesterday.

In former years, for example, it might have been cause for protracted discussion to learn that the Pulitzer Committee had selected for the fiction award a novel set against a European background, when the stipulation calls for a work preferably dealing with the American scene. Undoubtedly, in making the award to Mr. Upton Sinclair, the Committee had in mind a long series of earlier books which dealt fervently and effectively with the American scene. In crowning Mr. Sinclair's novel, the Committee paid tribute to the crusading spirit and the vigorous pen which denounced abuses in the packing industries or the Colorado strikes, or flamed against the injustice of the Sacco-Vanzetti trial. Nevertheless the award will probably come as a surprise to the general public, not because its merits are in question, but because it has won over such specifically American books as Le Grand Cannon's "Look to the Mountain" and James Gould Cozzens's "The Just and the Unjust." Mr. Sinclair, in this third of a series of tales which has carried his hero, Lanny Budd, through the years of adolescence into manhood, spends a brief portion of it on the United States in the confusion following upon the stock market crash of 1929, and the major part on the Germany of Hitler. It goes without saying that his sympathies are violently enlisted for the suffering and his wrath poured upon the ruthless. For all its romance, "Dragon's Teeth" has the authenticity of history, and in its niceness of characterization, its unsparing portrayal of conditions, and its denunciation of tyranny, attains depth and force and eloquence.

In recognizing Esther Forbes's "Paul Revere and the World He Lived In," the Pulitzer Committee has not only made an eminently deserved selection but has paid tribute to the spirit which has come to animate historical writing in our country. Perhaps no national hero has come down more encrusted with romantic falsehoods than Paul Revere, whose person and deeds have been fixed for several generations of Americans by the half-true descriptions of a poet. Miss Forbes has moved far from the portrayal of Longfellow, but she has recreated for the nation a man of larger stature than the one she has superseded. The talent which went into the shaping of novels of high merit has stood her in good stead in limning a historical personality while her scrupulous research has yielded a rich background of place and happenings. It is notable that while she has stripped Revere of some of his trappings, she has not "debunked" him in the sense of the writings which in the first reaction against the undiscriminating history of the last century made so many of our biographies of the twenties as warped as were their predecessors. Miss Forbes has written in the best tradition of the present. The wide public which has read her work will applaud the Committee's selection, and will hail with pleasure the fact that the material collected in its preparation is being used in a novel of Boston during the Revolution, to be issued in the Fall.

Our enthusiasm is equally strong for the selection in biography of Samuel Eliot Morison's "Admiral of the Ocean Sea." This book proves that the soundest scholarship can be wedded to writing popular enough to make a scholarly work readable to the many. There is probably no historian in the country whose studies rest upon more exhaustive investigations than Mr. Morison's. So far-reaching was Mr. Morison's preparation for his biography that he followed Columbus's routes in a ship of his own, checked on all possible references by early and later writers, and consulted reference material both here and abroad. In honoring him, the Pulitzer Committee has honored itself.

While there will be few to cavil at the decision which bestowed the Pulitzer award for poetry upon Robert Frost's "The Witness Tree," there will doubtless be many to deplore the fact that the prize should go for a fourth time to the same author. It would seem a pity that the distinction should not be given to some noteworthy new or younger poet as recognition of great promise or meritorious achievement. Indeed, it doubtless was not within the intention of the founder that it should be given, as it has, and it would certainly serve the cause of poetry in the country better if new talent could be encouraged by the Pulitzer Prize rather than repeated recognition go to a great American poet who has so long been an acknowledged master of his craft.

In drama, the Committee has looked past the current controversy over the derivative aspects of "The Skin of Our Teeth," to give Mr. Wilder's play the award. This is in contrast to the action of the New York Drama Critics' Circle in deciding against the Wilder entrant in favor of Sidney Kingsley's "The Patriots." The Committee apparently sees eye to eye with the literary historians who point out that writers in all lands and in all ages have borrowed from others, and that the value of their work can often be considered apart from the fact that the bones and structure may be found elsewhere. Whatever its resemblances to Joyce's novel, Mr. Wilder's play is eminently of the hour and of the chaos of the present.

Only two of the books leading the balloting of the nation's book reviewers, polled recently by *SRL*, are to be found among the current selections. Favorites in the balloting were "Look to the Mountain," by Le Grand Cannon, in fiction; "Paul Revere and the World He Lived In," by Esther Forbes, in biography; "Lee's Lieutenants," by Douglas Southall Freeman, in history, and "A Witness Tree," by Robert Frost, in poetry. Drama did not figure in the critics' nominations. Viewed strictly from the categorical point of view, it will be observed that only in poetry did the award tally with the nomination—Mr. Frost's "A Witness Tree." While "Paul Revere and the World He Lived In" appears on both lists, it does so in different categories: the critics selected it for biography while the Pulitzer Committee selected it for history.



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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## "Gideon Planish"

SIR:—As a consistent reader and admirer of your magazine, I have a right to a sounder and more accurate review of "Gideon Planish," the new novel by Sinclair Lewis, than you have given me in your issue of April 24th.

In Webster's dictionary I find these definitions of a critic. 1. One who expresses a reasoned opinion on any matter involving a judgment of its value, truth or righteousness, or an appreciation of its beauty or technique. 2. One given to harsh and captious judgment; a caviler or carper. 3. One skilled in judging the merits of literary or artistic work.

It wounds me to find that your critic, Mr. Howard Mumford Jones, functions only under definition No. 2.

As I understand it, a book review is not for the benefit of the writer of that review, but the reader of it. It must abide primarily by the same rules which my first city editor pasted up over my first typewriter and tell me Who, Why, How, When and Where. It is intended to inform me of what I shall find between the covers if I buy the book, based not upon what the reviewer thinks the novelist should have written about but upon what the novelist DID write about, what he started out to tell and whether he succeeded in telling it, leaving to me the decision as to whether I am interested in that subject by that writer.

I do not know what qualifications your Mr. Howard Mumford Jones has for reviewing a book, since his name is unfamiliar to me. I do know that when he reviews for ME, your reader, a book by Sinclair Lewis, I am NOT interested in how Mr. Howard Mumford Jones would have written this novel if he could, nor am I even amused by his colossal impertinence in instructing the Nobel Prize Winner as to where his big scene should have been in the terms of a School of Journalism professor speaking to a sophomore. If Mr. Jones feels a pressing spiritual need to go into this matter he can write Mr. Lewis a letter of instructions about novel writing, but he has no right to waste my time with such rank nonsense under the guise of criticism.

I do not quarrel with the right of any reviewer to say what he or she feels concerning "Gideon Planish." Nor would I be so presumptuous as to defend Sinclair Lewis and his latest masterpiece. I do quarrel with finding that the review of "Gideon Planish" in *The Saturday Review*, upon which I depend for my book buying, is written by a caviler and a carper, inadequately, cheaply and inaccurately. Mr. Jones makes it plain that he did not even bother to finish the book since he quotes an entirely erroneous ending.

Sinclair Lewis has given the United States some of its finest literature. He stands as our most vital and successful novelist. He has won the Nobel Prize. He started a new school of novel writing in America and introduced into our language words and into our minds characters and conditions both illuminating and salutary. It is not Mr. Lewis's right but MINE, as a reader, that his latest novel be reviewed with dignity and care, with a reasoned opinion involving a judgment of its righteousness and an appreciation of its beauty and skill—whatever that judgment turns out to be. It is a definite wrong you do me when it is reviewed by a critic who takes his review only as an opportunity to show off his alleged superiority and to bawl "Take Him OUT" at Mr. Lewis, like a brass-throated bleacher fan at a Brooklyn ball game.

For instance, when Mr. Howard Mumford Jones calls the work of Sinclair Lewis "juvenile," he damns not Sinclair Lewis but his own skill in attempting to judge the merits of a literary work. In my opinion, if Mr. Howard Mumford Jones did not like "Gideon Planish," it's too bad for him and he misses a profound experience. It is merely Mr. Jones's own misfortune that he fails to appreciate the robust humor, the Jovian satire, the wistful idealism of the book. It is likewise pathetic that, although Mr. Lewis went so far as to point it out in his dedication, Mr. Jones in his review overlooks or ignores the vital figure of Carrie Planish with her incessant "WHY?", and the brief but gigantic comparison of the present younger generation to the shoddy, unhappy Middle Age whose self-indulgence, greed and stupidity have brought the world to its present sorry pass. When he carps at the glorious cartoon of Winifred the Talking Woman and shudders at the magnificent melodrama of the Colonel, Mr. Jones merely tags himself as a reporter who doesn't know how to get his story.

All this is sad for Mr. Howard Mumford Jones and he has my sympathy. BUT the point is that Mr. Jones's review, with its display of ignorance, misinforms ME, your reader. I might have missed "Gideon Planish!" Displaying neither good taste nor proper care, it lowers the standard of literary criticism in *The Saturday Review*, not because it finds "Gideon Planish" unworthy, but because it does so upon inadequate grounds and without due knowledge, skill or appreciation. It is unworthy of Mr. Lewis's position in the field of American letters and of *The Saturday Review's* place as the forum of literary criticism in this country. *The New York Times* states that Mr. Lewis is again swinging from the floor. I have a right to know at least this much about his book. And not to be confronted with the brief flutterings of the pilot bird who soars above the eagle in the last few seconds only because he rode most of the flight on the eagle's head.

The final responsibility must rest with the *SRL*. In this instance you have given me, your reader, not a reasoned opinion nor a skillful judgment but the ignorant self-glorification of a man who obviously doesn't know his business. And, to repeat, it might have caused me to miss reading "Gideon Planish," a disaster for which I should never have forgiven you.

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS.
New York, N. Y.

**"Any books on American or British spring lists we can burn in effigy, Herr Doctor?"**



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# TRADE Winds

**PROSPEROUS BUSINESSES** have a way of falling into a rut after a certain number of years of operation. The men who furnished the original incentive lose their early drive and sink into middle-aged complacency and routine. One young man often can step into a business of this sort, however, and, by his enterprise and imagination, turn the whole works upside down in two or three years. As a striking example, I cite the case of B. D. Zevin and the World Publishing Company of Cleveland, Ohio.

The founder of this business, and president to this day, is Alfred Cahen. He started on a shoestring in 1905, but introduced so many improvements into high-speed book production that he was hailed in print twenty years later as "the Henry Ford of the book business." His company produced books by the million for premium distribution by newspapers and mail order houses. Why bother with adding new lines, reasoned Mr. Cahen and his associates. When Ben Zevin moved out from New York in 1934, however, and began studying shifting markets and trends, he soon persuaded the directors that changes were in order.

Zevin realized that the dictionaries and Bibles already owned by the World Company were a potential gold mine. He multiplied the line ten times over by producing them in every conceivable size, shape, and price range. By the time he was finished he had dictionaries that could do everything but give milk. One of his exploits was the sale of three million 384-page pocket dictionaries to the Planters Peanut Company, who sold them for a dime a copy. By 1939 he had risen from advertising manager to vice-president, and convinced his older associates that soft jobs and fat dividends weren't everything in life. Experiments made the blood run faster and enhanced the national reputation of the enterprise. The dictionaries and the Bibles were practically running themselves by now; Zevin was ready for new fields. His brainchild was Tower Books, the first series of forty-nine cent non-fiction reprints in America.

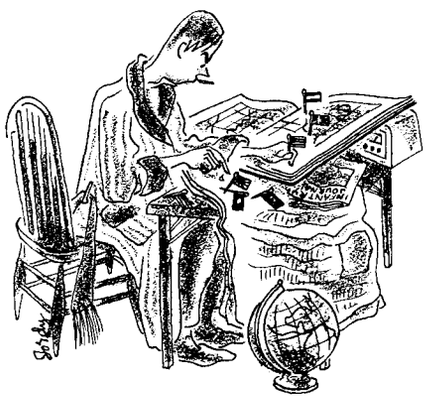
Several factors combined to give Zevin such a jump in this field that later imitators, despite unlimited capital, are still miles behind him. Years in his own advertising agency made him keenly aware of the sort of thing the audience he was appealing to would be likely to patronize. The World Company's own printing and binding equipment reduced his manufacturing costs to a minimum. Through his premium operations, he knew what books to use as the rock base of the new line, and where existing plates for them could be found.

In 1941 Tower Books sold more than a million copies, and this year the total will easily triple that record. Self-help books, hobbies, "how-to's," popular psychology, and health manuals dominate the line. Roget's "Thesaurus" is the best seller. It is available in a dozen other editions, but not at forty-nine cents a copy! Clement Wood's "History of the United States" and Everett's "Hygiene of Marriage" are printed 50,000 at a time. In 1942, fiction was added. John Steinbeck, Jim Farrell, James Gould Cozzens, and Elliot Paul are on the Tower list now, but none of them has sold as well, I am shocked to report, as Gypsy Rose Lee's "G-String Murders." The customers evidently figure that, at forty-nine cents, you can't go wrong with Gypsy.

Competition in the low-priced, mass-production book business is getting tougher every day. To succeed in it requires more sheer business acumen than literary discrimination. Zevin, however, is one of the few men in the field who could step out tomorrow and take over control of a university press. A little house-organ that he edits, called *Counterpoints,* is a neat blend of current humor and pertinent excerpts from really good books. Anthologies having sold exceptionally well for Tower, Zevin is now engaged in editing a few new ones for himself. He's signed up Boris Karloff to compile a collection of tales of terror, and Will Cuppy to edit a new sheaf of mystery yarns. Also in the offing are "Cooking in Wartime" and "Home Canning." Duplicating titles in all these new low-priced series do not seem to hurt anybody; the boys are all getting rich together—and it's grist for the Morgenthau mill!

The World Publishing Company is now beginning to sample the twenty-five cent market too. At this price, it has sold a million and a half copies of "A Global Atlas of the World at War" and a similar number of "The Simplified Guide to Your Income Tax." A new one coming up is "Vegetable Gardening in Wartime." The initial run is a modest half million.

The New York publishers are just beginning to be aware of Ben Zevin's activities. He built his foundations quietly and without fanfare. Today he's in the big time and, gentlemen, he's going to stay there. Zevin is no shrinking violet. You'll be hearing more about him from now on. Meanwhile, if you would like to have a complete list of the Tower line, drop a line to the New York office, at 14 West 49th Street, or the World Publishing Company in Cleveland. . . .



*HOME FRONT*

**"ALLIED HEADQUARTERS IN NORTH AFRICA, May 8th—British infantry, under heavy enemy mortar and light arms fire, have retaken Djebel el Ang and Heidous, key points near the Medjez-el-Bab to Tebouba road that leads to Tunis. . . ."**

**THE ASSOCIATED PRESS** reports that out in Durant, Oklahoma, where men still are men, a lecturer on current books caught a customer in the front row dozing peacefully, and promptly woke him up by throwing a couple of eggs at him. Thereafter the attitude of the audience could only be described as enthralled. That prominent publisher who bored the pants off of a distinguished New York audience for a full fifty-three minutes recently might profit by this technique, if he nurtures any ideas of a repeat performance. Eggs will not be drastic enough in his case, however; he'll need block busters! . . . . A personal ad in a Los Angeles paper: "Young girl with two cans of corn would like to meet gentleman with can of lima beans. Object: succotash." . . . . A small-town motion picture exhibitor, not too articulate, but with definite notions of the taste of his clientele, warned the MGM studios, "Don't send me no more of those pictures where the hero writes a letter with a feather. My customers can't stand them, and neither can I." . . . . After seeing the first three reels of "Young Mr. Pitt," I know exactly how that exhibitor felt. . . . The irrepressible Mr. Goldwyn recently reminded one of his minions, "In times like these, my dear, we must learn to take the bitters with the sweets!" . . . You oldsters may remember Mary Pickford's last stage appearance in David Belasco's "A Good Little Devil" (at the Republic Theatre in New York) but I'll bet you never knew that her



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understudy for the role was Clare Boothe Luce! . . . .

**DUTTON'S** has just published Vincent Starrett's oddly named book of poetry, "Autolycus in Limbo." An autolycus, explains Vincent, is a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles, and he quotes Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale" as authority for same. He autolycus too for reprinting this information. . . . An executive of the Bell Laboratories reminds *Trade Winds* of the telephone exhibit at the World's Fair and the Voder—the electrical device which talked as its operator fingered its keys. The demonstrator used to call for suggestions from the audience of words for the Voder to pronounce. One day a voice from the balcony called out "sphinx." The Voder, which was probably being operated that day by Van Cartmell, shot back, "Well, if it does you don't have to say so. If you don't like it, scram!" . . . .

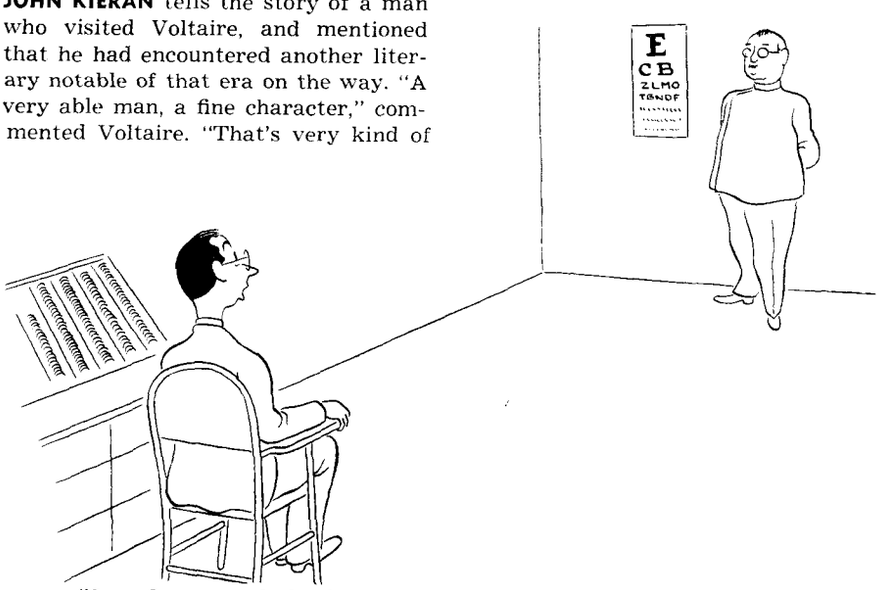
**WILBUR CROSS**, Dean of the Yale Graduate School, and four times Governor of Connecticut, completed his autobiography on his eighty-first birthday. It will be published in the Fall by the Yale University Press. . . . Henry Cassidy, the man who persuaded Stalin to write two letters for *Life* magazine, has written a book about Russia called "Moscow Dateline." It's on the Houghton Mifflin list for late May. . . . Bill McCue, the Washington bookseller, writes, "It's so crowded down here that when I open my mail in the morning, there's a line waiting to get in!" . . . The jacket design for Ilya Ehrenberg's new novel, "The Fall of Paris," is one of the most striking of the year. It is the work of George Salter, who, with McKnight Kauffer, is revolutionizing the whole art of the book jacket in America. . . .

—*Geoffrey Landesman*

**B. D. Zevin**

**JOHN KIERAN** tells the story of a man who visited Voltaire, and mentioned that he had encountered another literary notable of that era on the way. "A very able man, a fine character," commented Voltaire. "That's very kind of you," said the visitor, "because he said you were a villainous old wretch." "Ah well," said Voltaire, with a smile, "perhaps we are both mistaken!" . . . Another Voltaire anecdote concerns the time when Rousseau wrote his ode, "To Posterity." Voltaire read it with a frown and remarked, "This poem will never reach its destination." . . . And if you will permit me to jump several generations, here is a tale about the old tiger Clemenceau. An excited supporter burst into his private chambers one day and cried, "Your son has just joined the Communist Party!" Clemenceau regarded his visitor calmly and remarked, "Monsieur, my son is twenty-two years old. If he had not become a communist at twenty-two, I would have disowned him. If he is *still* a communist at thirty, I will do it then!" . . . .

BENNETT CERF.




**"Sure I can read the bottom line. It says, 'Five Dollars Please'."**

THIS NOVEL shows you why the American dream became a reality. In it George F. Hummel turns back the clock on the Joshua Moores of Long Island. You will see a Joshua Moore bringing his young bride across the waters from Saybrook Colony and building a log cabin for her in the wilderness. You will know a Joshua Moore who fought at the Brandywine and married a Swedish girl on his way home through Pennsylvania. You will meet a Joshua Moore who served as a Colonel under Sheridan, and another who prospered in California; and, finally, you will find that the young Joshua Moore of today who is saying goodbye to Kay, his Polish wife, is identical with those others who came before him — just as resourceful, just as stubborn, just as idealistic.

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# Excursion Among the Infernos

*LAST BOAT FROM BEYROUTH. By Royce Brier. New York: Appleton-Century Company.* 258 *pp.* $2.50.

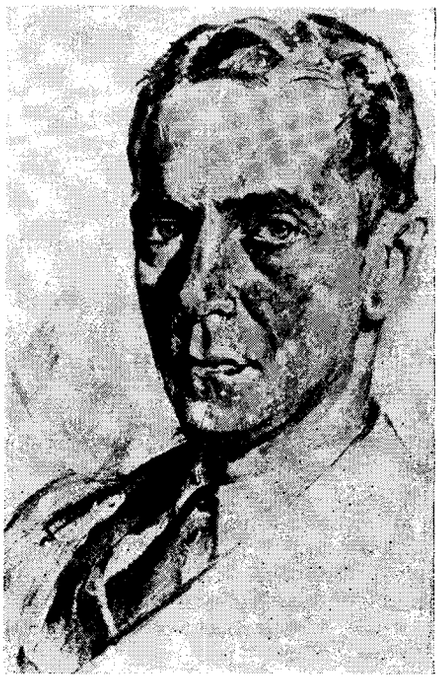
Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

PETER HAMIL is one of those young Americans who, driven by a vague feeling of uneasiness, went abroad in the late thirties, and tired of inactively watching the nearing catastrophe jumped into the thick of it. A Baltimore surgeon, he first lent his help to the battered republicans in Spain, travelled between the fall of Madrid and Vienna through the already terror-stricken capitals of Europe, and joined the battle of Warsaw when the Stukas began the great kill —only to land in the Near East, a fairly disillusioned man without too much hope for the cause.

This is where Mr. Brier's narrative sets in. A day before June 10, 1940 (*"jour funeste et à jamais mémorable,"* as the contemporaries of another French disaster used to call another day), Dr. Hamil boards an overcrowded French army transport which is to bring him from Beirut to Marseille. One of the few other civilian passengers aboard ship is Mary Towne, Connecticut-born and Saks-Fifth-Avenue-dressed foreign correspondent and wife of a British army officer. The two have met before "at a sherry party outside the Damascus Gate, and talked for two hours about Jesus of Nazareth."

Neither the ensuing tale of their hopeless love—the doctor too is married—nor the settings of the novel are particularly original. And the sad story of France's decay has been told more than once through similar mediums. Yet it is a good story. While the boat, heeling over more and more, is sailing into unknown perils, and the two soon realize and begin to discuss their personal problem, they both change. Gradually, they drop their sophisticated hotel lounge lingo, and the coquettish melancholy of their cocktail party "realism" gives way to the simple words and thoughts lovers caught in distress have spoken and thought since time immemorial. The noble matter-of-factness of Hamil's final decision would hardly have been consistent with the attitude of the man who with a kind of cynical resignation watched the companions of his voyage: indifferent Orientals, half-hearted French soldiers and their selfish officers, pretty whores, fifth columnists, crooks and swindlers, bribers and bribable. Having met love, he does not hesitate to accept the age-old standards of heroism and self-sacrifice—concepts he apparently would have suspiciously frowned at forty-eight hours ago.

This is a fine and, in a wider sense, most timely thought, and as a whole it is well demonstrated through Mr. Brier's novel. Parts of it are beautifully written. The effects of the author's undeniable psychological insight are sometimes impaired by a certain lengthiness, and an unfortunate shift in methods. As frequently is the case in movies, the episodes are more clearly presented than much of what the protagonists do and feel. That English steward, for instance—"faded and fragile, like the costume of an earlier generation, he had a thin red face, a few snaggy teeth, dim blue eyes, and graying hair curling from beneath a dirty cap"—has a Conradian touch, and his character is really carried through with the inevitability befitting a Conradian hero who sails toward his destiny.



**Royce Brier**

**SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 475)**

C. S. DAY:
*STRUGGLES WITH POETRY*
(IN "AFTER ALL")

Bankers long to have nice banker babies. But it seems they are constantly begetting impossible infants . . . Imagine Browning Senior studying *Pippa Passes* . . . What mental pictures of his son's heroine did the old gentleman form . . . ?

# *Your Literary I. Q.*

**By Howard Collins**

SOME MINOR CHARACTERS IN LITERATURE

Listed below are 33 literary figures whose foremost claim to fame is their association with much more prominent characters. Can you name the person with whom each one is linked? Allowing 3 points for each correct answer, from 45 to 60 is par, 60 to 75 is very good, better than that is excellent. Don't look now, but you'll find the answers on page 20.

1. Mrs. Bardell.
2. Constance Bonacieux.
3. Brom Bones.
4. Homer Brown.
5. Gwenny Carfax.
6. William Dane.
7. Fatima.
8. Friday.
9. Archie Goodwin.
10. Max Gottlieb.
11. Jonathan Harker.
12. Joe Harper.
13. Captain Hastings.
14. John Jasper.
15. Littimer.
16. John F. X. Markham.
17. Jacob Marley.
18. Miss Mitnick.
19. Prof. Moriarty.
20. Vincent Nolte.
21. Passepartout.
22. Aggie Pilkington.
23. Barbara Pinkerton.
24. Marie Roget.
25. Schacabac
26. Schahriah.
27. Della Street.
28. Corporal Trim.
29. Tubal.
30. Mr. Utterson.
31. Harriet Vane.
32. Belle Watling.
33. Sam Williams.



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Vladimir Pozner

# Under the Nazis

*FIRST HARVEST. By Vladimir Pozner. New York: The Viking Press.* 1943. 242 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by F. C. WEISKOPF

WHEN I met Vladimir Pozner for the last time in Paris—it was at one of those small *bistros* on the Boulevard Pasteur where, in earlier years, we had had long discussions about Russian novels, German philosophy, and French surrealistic poets—he said to me: "I am afraid there will be not much time left for literary discussions and for the writing of novels. Still, I'll try to finish one novel before it begins to thunder. I have just started on it. . ."

"Is it that novel about the people at the Channel Coast you once told me you wanted to write?" I asked him.

"No, that one will have to wait. What I am writing now is a novel about the events of February 1934 when the French Fifth Column tried to seize the power. We have to try to pin down the people who want to sell out France. . ."

Mr. Pozner was not allowed to finish the work he had set out to do. The novel remained a fragment. Its author was mobilized in the summer of 1939 and did not get back to his Paris desk. For many months he drove an army truck somewhere in the rear of the quiet front of the "phoney war." Then, in the six weeks of the Nazi blitz invasion, Mr. Pozner was caught in the frantic whirl of the breakthrough and rout in Flanders. After the Petain armistice he managed to go to North Africa, and thence to Portugal and America.

Here I met Mr. Pozner again. As we

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remembered our last Paris conversation, he said: "By the way, I am starting to work at a novel again, just as I did then."

"Should it be that novel about the people of the Channel Coast?"

"No. That one will still have to wait some time."

But now he has written it. Here it is: "First Harvest," the story of the people of Trefleur, a small village of the Northern Atlantic coast of France. However, I am certain that this novel is very different from what it might have been in its first form as a novel-idea, just as the village of Trefleur and its inhabitants in 1942 are very different from what they were before the war and the German occupation. Yet the rigid beauty of the French Channel landscape is still there, unchanged in spite of the intrusion of the invaders in field gray uniforms; and also the heart of the people is still there, that big heart of the small people.—the fishermen, peasants, village teachers, postmen, storekeepers, old women, old men, and children, that heart of a France that is not contaminated with the poison of Collaboration but filled with the never dying faith in the return of freedom and human dignity.

It is the deep and loving understanding of these people that gives Mr. Pozner's novel its warmth, its human tenderness, and its genuineness. There is no false pathos, no cheap glorification in the pictures of those innocent and unsuspecting village people who are suddenly rounded up by the Nazi garrison and told that ten of them must die as hostages if the "murderer" of a German soldier found dead on the cliffs does not give himself up. That love for his Frenchmen, not a blind love but a discerning one, coupled with a profound respect for truth enables Mr. Pozner also to master one of the most difficult problems facing the novelist who takes sides and fights for a cause, namely how to portray the enemy. Mr. Pozner's Germans are all credible as human beings, no matter how perverted and distorted their thoughts and feelings are.

Mr. Pozner is a Frenchman of Russian parentage. This goes also for his literary personality. The great heritage of the French novellistic art of composing a plot, and the rich Russian tradition of picturing the variety of human characters as individuals and within a certain society, can be felt in Mr. Pozner's art of writing . . . not as a dead legacy but in vivid new adaptation.

"First Harvest" is a moving, powerful, and beautifully written novel, extraordinarily well translated by Haakon Chevalier.

# Grandniece of Napoleon's Marshall

*ELISABET NEY. By Jan Fortune and Jean Burton. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.* 1943. 294 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by
ELIZABETH KING PHELPS STOKES

WHAT a story! Elisabet Ney, the grand-niece of Napoleon's Marshal Ney, and daughter of Johann Adam Ney, artist of Münster, with her beauty and talents, besieged the courts of Europe in the middle of the nineteenth century and established herself as a portrait sculptor of note. Then took her husband to Texas and lived her life out on a cotton plantation! This might not be such a strange peregrination in these days but at the time when a lady swept the floor with her draperies and fainted frequently it was hair-raising. Fräulein Ney, ruthlessly overriding family objections and obstacles, had a way with her. For a young woman to gain admission as a student to the best European academies and ateliers was a feat in itself. She charmed Humboldt, King Ludwig, the British court, Schopenhauer, and many other celebrities, then with her chisel and a block of stone or marble did portraits of them that more than satisfied her age.

She had trouble enough gaining an audience with Schopenhauer who was suspicious first of a woman, then of a woman-sculptor, then chary of his own prestige and condescension. But when the work on his portrait proceeded with concentration and expertness, and with delightful coffee for artist and subject after the day's sitting, the philosopher was dangerously near complete capitulation, evidenced by a note he wrote to a friend after Fräulein Ney left his home:

> Perhaps you know the sculptress, Fräulein Ney? If not, then you have lost much. Anyway, there is much missing here. I did not think it possible that such a graceful tempting female creature could exist in this world. I am impatient to have her back.

She did not come back. Elisabet had other conquests definitely in mind.

She would do King Ludwig of Bavaria. She was determined. Having accomplished this, she then peremptorily dismissed the King when a summons from him did not fit in with her new schemes. She wrote to the King's Secretary of Chancery.

> Have stayed. Quite enchanted by your thoughtful benevolence, by so many gifts from you. Am *not* coming to the palace. Too tired. Besides, I am neither egotist nor slave. Elisabet Ney.

Now she was weary of intrigue and the complications that her own fiery nature had woven for her. She had been too successful in her friendships with several men in political and artistic circles. All this time Edmund Montgomery, her lover from student days, and now her husband by secret marriage, was working in his own laboratory, but was on call from Elisabet. They decided to seek freedom from all their complicated surroundings in the United States where Utopian communal experiments were becoming known in Europe. Through a friend, Baron Vicco von Stralendorff, they went to a colony being established near Thomasville, Georgia, thence to Texas where they purchased a large plantation near Hempstead. Her life was difficult. Her artistic temperament acknowledged few restraints. Her young son, Lorne, was dressed by her in Greek robes like her own attire. His suffering and rebellion caused constant family upheaval. This was her concept of her offspring:

> You are different from other children [she told him]. You must prepare yourself for a different sort of life. We will not always live in Texas. I have known all the kings of Germany, the Emperor of France, the Queen of England—and your father's father was a lord in Scotland. You have nothing in common with these peasant children.

When she finally recovered from the transition to the wilds of Texas, she resumed her artistic career, and made several trips to Europe to execute commissions.

This is a biography that carries its own weight as a story, with all the local color and sharp contrasts—from

Self-portrait of Elisabet Ney



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the elegance of the courts to the plight of a disintegrating great plantation in Texas. The marriage at Madeira between Edmund Duncan Montgomery and Elisabet, which she would never acknowledge although living with her husband; her two children likewise unaccounted for by her throughout her long life; her insistence upon feminist independence *and* the satisfaction of family life without its responsibilities; her cremation in her own fireplace of her young son who died, all this is told with absorbing clarity as the story carries her life through Hell and high water. The "Afterword" of the book tells us that at Formosa, at Austin, Texas, there is maintained today the Elisabet Ney Museum. The City of Münster has placed a memorial tablet on her home. And the magnum opus of her scientist husband, Dr. Montgomery, called "Philosophical Problems in the Light of Vital Organization," is now housed at the Southern Methodist University in Texas. In the Museum at Hanover, Germany, is a large painting of Elisabet Ney done by the German artist Kaulbach. Jan Fortune and Jean Burton have told this dramatic tale with restraint but with clear consciousness of the inherent richness of their biographical material.

# The Ideas in the Life of Rome

*THE BUILDING OF ETERNAL ROME. By Edward Kennard Rand. Cambridge: The Harvard University Press.* 1943. 318 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by H. J. HASKELL

WITH infectious enthusiasm Professor Rand undertakes to trace and interpret the ideas that were channeled through Rome from the period of the Republic down through the Empire into the Renaissance. Beginning with the intrusion of Greek influence in the Scipionic circle the author follows its development through the great Roman writers until as the Roman energy faded its finest fruits were adopted and reinvigorated by the infusion of Christian ideals to produce the foundation upon which modern culture is built.

The book differs from Showerman's classic study, which its title suggests, in paying comparatively little attention to the historical development of the long period that it covers. It is essentially a literary history of ideas, an expansion of Mr. Rand's stimulating chapter in Volume XII of the Cambridge Ancient History.

Presented originally as the Lowell Lectures for 1942, the material has been somewhat modified for book publication and abundant notes have been added showing familiarity with an astonishing range of writers, ancient, medieval, and modern. In spite of its lively style, however, "The Building of Eternal Rome" is a learned work that will appeal chiefly to the academic audience. Mr. Rand compliments his readers by numerous quotations in Latin and Italian, many of which he neglects to translate. It is a highly personal study, embodying the results of nearly a half century of teaching and influenced strongly by the theological training that prefaced the long teaching career. The author gives himself and his readers pleasant interludes in which he strays off into bypaths that have interested him. Thus he devotes most of his chapter on "Decline and Fall" to a discussion of Fronto, tutor of Marcus Aurelius, in which he takes delight in combatting the views of previous critics from Mackail to Professor Rose and rehabilitating the literary worth of Marcus's instructor.

In the final chapter he gives a fresh summing up of his subject by constructing an imaginary conversation in which the significant men of the ancient world comment on the current scene in the light of their own thought.

Throughout the book Mr. Rand's main concern is with ideas and ideals. Progress, he thinks, comes from them and not from "the shifting world of things." As a corollary he insists that "the only progress that is sure and measurable is that of the individual who, like Augustine, in Dante's words, may go from bad to good and from good to better and from better to best, achieving at each step a sense of progress and abiding calm. One success amid an age of failure saves that age."

With this assumption he suggests that his book be supplemented with such standard works of history as those of Tenney Frank and Rostovtzeff. If an outsider may venture an opinion, "The Building of Eternal Rome" suffers from the author's impatience with the hard world of politics and economics with which Frank and Rostovtzeff deal, and from the somewhat romantic temperament that gives zest to his writings. Mr. Rand recognizes possible dissent with characteristic tolerance in his remark that some of the opinions expressed may well prove unacceptable to other students.

On the dissenting side certain observations may be put forward. Thus Mr. Rand accepts without question the gossip recorded by Suetonius that Julius Caesar intended to remove the capital from Rome, although Professor Adcock has pretty well disposed of that rumor in the Cambridge Modern History. Mark Antony is dismissed as a "monumental traitor" and "the Hitler of his day." Recent studies, I believe, compel a reconsideration and modification of this view.

From the quotation from Cicero's noble "Dream of Scipio" the reader might infer that Cicero was committed to belief in immortality, although he argued all sides of the question and professed disbelief in frank letters to his friends. The author assumes that the young gangster Octavius was converted into the great world organizer Augustus by Virgil and Horace—or at least that they were co-founders of the Ideal Empire. The hard-faced business men who constituted the backbone of the support of Augustus probably would have been surprised to hear this. The estimate of Augustus is founded on Hammond and John Buchan and the penetrating study by Roland Syme is ignored.

But even those who are not in agreement with the literary treatment of the history of ideas will find that Mr. Rand has done a valuable service by tracing the continuous stream of thought that flowed through Eternal Rome into the modern world.

*H. J. Haskell is editor of the* Kansas City Star, *and the author of "The New Deal in Ancient Rome."*


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# A Handful of Well-Printed Books

### *Conrad's "Tremolino"*

THERE is a world of difference between a work of art and a good piece of machining, as great as that between Conrad's "Tremolino" and a phonograph record of Barnacle Bill the Sailor. One picks up this trifle, this bijou, to find all the delicate nuances of bookmaking sedulously observed. Comparisons are odious, but how does Mr. Rogers achieve his perfection while other printers, competent craftsmen, even, occasionally, artists, produce fine books but not lovely ones? In a sense it is easy to analyze Mr. Rogers's work: he selects a type face, from a repertory open to all, not the ideal or the one only, but one with which he can play successfully his little typographic game; he carefully arranges his margins, his spacing of display letters and lines; he chooses a fitting paper; and, usually, a binding of modest apparel. So, too, do some other printers. What then is the element which makes for his distinction as a designer of books?

The answer is, I think, a sensitivity to the feel and look of a book as a book. But this is partly to beg the question. It is somewhat like saying that an artist is an artist because he has artistic quickness. This esthetic alertness comes partly from the creative man, but also, and I think this is true of Mr. Rogers, from an appreciative familiarity with certain kinds of books which appeal to his natural capacities and preferences. Certain periods of typography, certain books of France and even of England, have reflected a fine discrimination and an impeccable taste in the elements of book making.

Such a book as "Tremolino," small, even obscure as it is, holds within itself the quintessence of fine printing. (New York: Duschnes. $5)

### *Sarah Kemble Siddons*

If "the neighborhood of Boston" is one of the triune characteristics of a good Unitarian, the same consanguinity has developed a style of printing, under the influence of Mr. Updike and Mr. Rogers, which is both sound and lovely. A recent example is afforded by "The Reminiscences of Sarah Kemble Siddons," recently issued from the Widener Library, edited by William Van Lennep from a manuscript in the Harvard College Library. Set in that comely face of type known as Bulmer, and prefaced by a charming silhouette portrait of Mrs. Siddons as Jane Shore, the book has been printed on a hand press by a group of students in the Department of Printing and the Graphic Arts at the Widener Library. In these days of automatic machinery such printing seems a tour de force; but such efforts may well "sprinkle our noon of time with freshest morning dew": I hope I am not alone in feeling that the handicrafts possess a regenerative force ignored by devotees of Lewisite and blitzkrieg. I know that the young men who have participated in the printing of this lovely little book have come nearer salvation than any operator of an automatic machine.

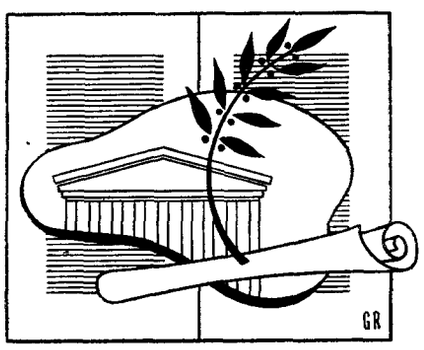
### *A Trilogy on Printing History*

The influence of Benjamin Disraeli has been more widespread and lasting than that of his father, Isaac Disraeli, but it is from the latter's "Amenities of Literature" (a book which will probably live longer than the better known writings of the son) that Mr. Elmer Gleason of Cincinnati has selected four essays for reprinting. The Invention of Printing, The First English Printer, Early Libraries, and The War Against Books are all of interest to printers, and the last especially is of interest now to all who preserve free speech in the world.

Mr. Gleason has set the type, a solid, round letter, printed the volumes, and bound them—three of them—in gaily colored yellow, red, and blue paper boards, inserted in a slip case. They are modest little volumes, about five by six inches, with quite proper typographic decoration on the covers and title pages. Mr. Gleason has done a good, workmanlike job. They have a bookish flavor and a cheerful aspect which is a point in good book making. (Cincinnati: The Stratford Press. 1942. $7.50)

### *Thomas Hardy in Maine*

Professor Weber of Colby College has added to his writings on Thomas Hardy by "Thomas Hardy in Maine," simply but nicely printed for private distribution by the Southworth-Anthoensen Press of Portland. Hardy, reluctantly accepted by his countrymen, fared better in America, where not only were many of his novels printed for the first time, but where his genius was recognized by, amongst many, Edwin Arlington Robinson. Professor Weber tells an interesting story of the Colby College Hardy items, and Mr. Percy Grassby contributes one of his exquisite wood engravings, of Hardy's birthplace.




### *Flags at Newport*

John Howard Benson's "Flags of the Old State House, Newport, R. I." is an unusual little book. In 1936, on the occasion of the Rhode Island Tercentenary, Durr Freedley made working drawings of twenty-four flags associated with the history of the state, and replicas were made and placed in the Old State House at Newport. Among the twenty-four are the red ensign of England with St. George's Cross—and the same flag after Governor Endicott had finished his sword play on it; the Betsy Ross flag; the royal standards of Queen Anne and the Georges; flags of the various French Regiments in America; Perry's "Don't Give Up the Ship" flag; and flags of the State of Rhode Island. The two dozen flags have been engraved on wood by Mr. Benson with some conventionalization, and printed in colors—pure red and blue and yellow.

This charming book has been printed on a hand press by Mr. Benson, who has also set the accompanying foreword and notes on the different flags, in that Jansen type which is one of the finest "survivals" in the printer's repertory. Mr. Benson is best known as a stone cutter, and his new activity is carried on under the designation of the Berry Hill Press. If the book lacks something of the mechanical perfection, in inking and impression, of "machined" books, it has the distinction of individuality and a forthrightness to be expected of the author. As a protest against mechanization, as a record, and as an honest example of wood cutting the book is good. (150 copies at $10).

CARL P. ROLLINS.

## ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Samuel Pickwick. 2. D'Artagan. 3. Ichabod Crane. 4. Henry Aldrich. 5. Lorna Doone. 6. Silas Marner. 7. Bluebeard. 8. Robinson Crusoe. 9. Nero Wolfe. 10. Martin Arrowsmith. 11. Count Dracula. 12. Tom Sawyer. 13. Hercule Poirot. 14. Edwin Drood. 15. J. Steerforth. 16. Philo Vance. 17. Ebenezer Scrooge. 18. Hyman Kaplan. 19. Sherlock Holmes. 20. Anthony Adverse. 21. Phileas Fogg. 22. Tish Carberry. 23. Becky Sharp. 24. Auguste Dupin. 25. Barmecide. 26. Scheherezade. 27. Perry Mason. 28. Uncle Toby 29. Shylock. 30. Dr. Jekyll. 31. Peter Wimsey. 32. Rhett Butler. 33. Penrod Schofield.



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# The Crostics Club

I DO indeed appreciate James McRae Hawley's thoughtful letter cited in my last, but it reminds me of the music critic's objection to a passable sonata because it wasn't a symphony!

He compares doing DCs to golf whose chief interest, he claims, centers in individual successes and failures as compared with those of other players. (How about Gelett Burgess's "Not the quarry but the chase"?) He thinks time-records would furnish me with no mean aid. He suggests:

1. That I might use time-keepers as "guinea pigs" to test my definitions in advance of publication to eliminate those definitions that are irritating or even offensive to some puzzlers.

2. That I might use each letter in the quotation more than once, thus giving me broader scope and avoiding the use of slang and colloquialisms which at best are inelegant and besmirch the literary quality of my puzzles.

Thus I might make my DCs "real, harmonious works of art." "It is a pity," he concludes, "to see such talent hampered by petty rules (though unstated) which force you to the discreditable use of many words and definitions that are not only not literary but at times illiterate."

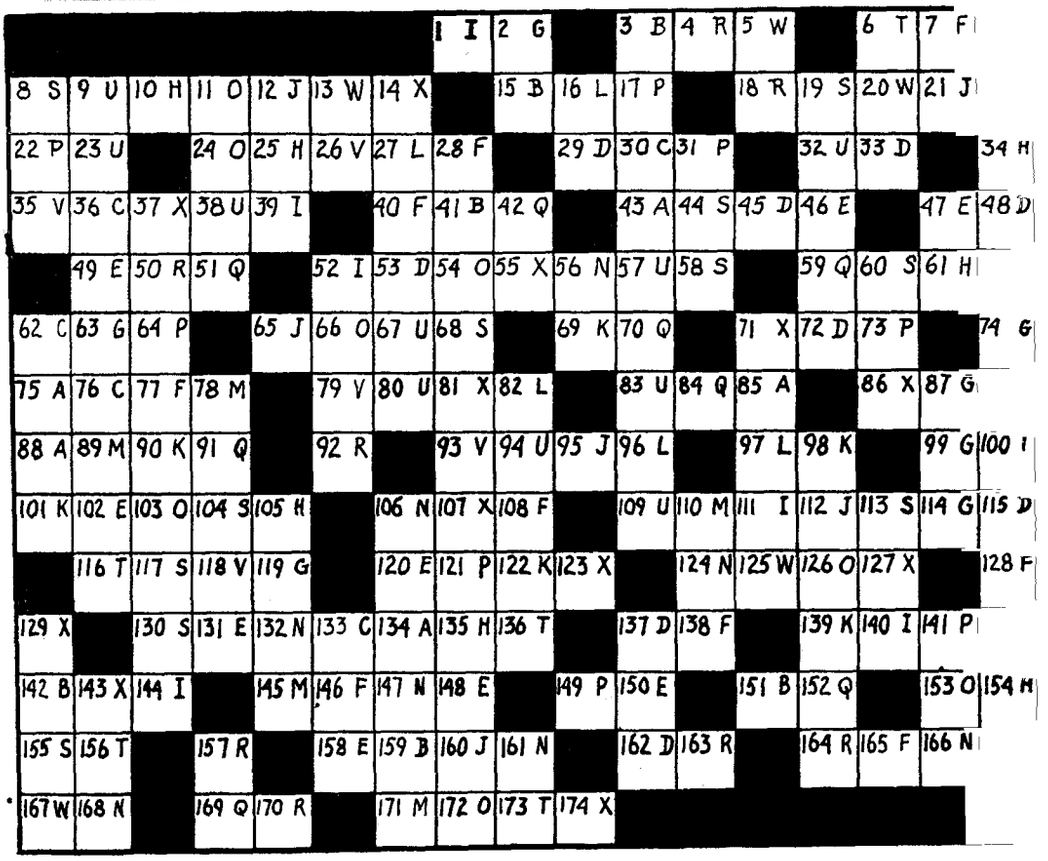
I am well aware that they could stand improvement. If I had a Guggenheim fellowship I might afford to experiment in jolly fashion on you as "guinea pigs." (Would any two of you react similarly, I wonder?) But the time spent in research in this our tenth year, and in the mere copying, diagram-making, checking, and counter-checking, along with the expense involved, required for two books a year and a weekly DC for the *SRL*, forbids any such utopian scheme. This is, indeed, a very practical world!

When I was concocting my DCs I found the use of each letter in the quotation but once a challenge to keep within limits. The use of each letter more than once would, I think, increase the scope beyond a limit psychologically or financially practicable.

As for the slang and colloquialisms, I never intentionally use vulgar ones and always mean to label such if my authority does. Such words, however, are to me metaphorical and expressive. Some day many of them will be recognized as authoritative.

I care much that the quotations I select shall be worthy the puzzling and suit your varied tastes, but even in this field limitations operate.

Otto Eisenschiml, Chicago, takes note, with thankfulness, that I included a chemist, Nernst, Nobel Prize winner, in a "landscape dominated by poets, painters, actors." I plead guilty to the "soft impeachment." Send me a list of historical characters you favor—without too many vowels—and I'll return them in use. E. S. K.




# Double-Crostics: No. 476

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

**DIRECTIONS**

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.*

*When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).*

**The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.**

**DEFINITIONS**

**A.** Foolish and awkward.

**B.** A magnate or grandee (Turkey).

**C.** Last name of Cowper's "Mary."

**D.** *Pisces* in which the Crown has special rights (English; 2 wds.)

**E.** A tempest of short or evil duration (Scot. and Ir.; 2 wds.)

**F.** That which contains or realizes an end or final cause (Philos.)

**G.** Display; exposure (comp.)

**H.** Ostentatious.

**I.** A side, private indirect way.

**J.** To or at a distance from home.

**K.** For testing Zeus's divinity he was turned into a wolf (Gr. Myth.)

**L.** A spring of water (Poetic).

**M.** Friendly relations.

**N.** To put in minute details (3 wds.)

**O.** Serving to thrust or drive out.

**P.** At a precise point in time or accuracy (phrase).

**Q.** In an untamed, savage, bestial manner.

**R.** A millenarian.

**S.** Too close together to an excessive degree.

**T.** Precision; delicacy of thought, taste or feeling.

**U.** English essayist, poet, novelist (1874-).

**V.** Gives utterance to.

**W.** The sage who accompanied Rasselas from the Happy Valley.

**X.** The clergy, nobles, commons (Feudal Europe; 2 wds.)

**WORDS**

A. 134 75 43 88 85

B. 151 159 142 41 3 15

C. 133 30 62 36 76

D. 45 33 137 29 53 48 162 115 72

E. 102 47 120 46 148 49 150 131 158

F. 108 165 40 138 28 7 77 146 128

G. 114 63 87 119 2 99 74

H. 34 25 154 61 10 105 135

I. 52 144 111 140 1 39

J. 95 65 12 21 112 160

K. 90 98 139 122 69 101

L. 27 82 97 96 16

M. 110 171 89 145 78

N. 166 132 106 168 124 161 147 56

O. 66 153 54 24 11 172 126 103

P. 64 141 22 121 73 31 17 149

Q. 59 42 84 169 70 51 91 152

R. 18 50 157 4 92 164 170 163

S. 44 155 60 117 8 104 19 130 58 113 88

T. 173 100 116 156 136 6

U. 38 80 57 109 32 67 9 83 23 94

V. 118 35 26 79 93

W. 167 20 5 125 13

X. 71 107 37 174 127 81 14 123 143 86 129 55



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# The Phoenix Nest

OH boy, but there's an ocean
Of joy in promotion,
answering the question
"What's in it for me?",
Settling the digestion
Of the Land of the Free!
That's the stuff to feed the Rubes,
Subway Chumps and City Boobs!
Aren't you on to the surprising
Way they fall for Advertising?
Oh, the Victory Garden Drive—
Every Housewife so alive!
Try this delicious health-building War!
Buy *all* you need—then buy some more!
*Never mind what we're fighting for!*
Customers, customers, come and buy!
*A short girdle does not bind the thigh.*
We're the Salesmen of the OWI.
*Never mind that old Food Supply!*
Morale is the spirit of the will-to-do—
Well-to-do? You and You!
And the Spirit of America—don't you agree?—
Is best expressed by "What's in it for Me?"
*What's that about Democracy—*
*Jefferson? Don't you know our polic-*
*Y's never to quote anything by Wallace?*
Oh those delicious dewy-fresh foods,
Household sandals, walking snoods;
Oh those yum-yum vege-tables,
Make you Lana Turners and Clark Gables!
O those breakfast toasties, Assorted Gravels,
Those succulent salads for Gullible's Travels!
O the blood and mud we can make so sappy
With a girl in a snood and a face slap-happy.
"Pretty" it up and smear it jammily
With those smiling saps, The American Family!

But the People say "Bosh!" and the People say "Mush!"
To the Pretty-Girl Ad with the smirk and blush.
They're not the Hicks that you take them for.
They know what is needed to win this war.
They know that only the Truth can win
No matter how bad a jam we're in.
They don't need any Sugar-Coater.
Nor will they heed the Slick Promoter.
They know where the boys are marching and flying,
The jungles and sands where they're fighting and dying,
Seas of the convoys, plains where deploy
Outfits that hardly would enjoy
Your Big Appeal to the Land of the Free
"What is there in it for Me—for Me!"
They know damn well, with appropriate phlegm,
That Wounds and Death are in it for them,
Though glad they are of the work they do—
But they want the Hucksters told it too,
The minds that on the brink of Hell
Can only think how to buy and sell—
The people back home who *hate* to think
That anything's real but food and drink—
The floorwalker minds and the billboard brains
Who still don't know half the world's in chains,
Who still don't know how the People feel
Silently, grimly, hotly, truly,
But think that the lowest kind of appeal
That doesn't upset the fools unduly
Is the sort of tripe to feed to the masses,
Since they're not so bright as the upper classes!

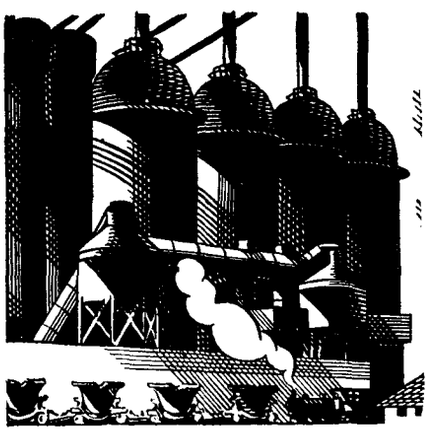
In closing, I'll only say, "God save us!
It isn't your fault at all, Elmer Davis."

### Aztecs Again

Alberta Worthington of the H. W. Wilson Company, says that J. G. Francis's poem about the Aztecs on "the dreadful morning bath" is still much quoted in her household but does not know the missing lines of the verse which ends concerning paying a triple license "on his tail, tail, tail, etc." The complete verse is;

This calm, adhesive King
Tells the Owner of that thing
He must pay a triple license on its tail, tail, tail.
Said the Owner, "There's but *one,*
And I'll pay for that or none, And—
So the guard has put him in the jail, jail, jail.

To understand the force of this lyric one should be able to contemplate the illustrations! "That thing" is a strange looking animal. spotted, and looking like a cross between a calf and a dog. Its tail branches at the end into three stumps. The title of the whole business is "A Matter of Opinion: An Aztec Hieroglyph."



### Comrade Voroshilov

Sometime ago I promised to print a poem I had been told about, "To Comrade Voroshilov." Franklin Wentworth of Redondo Beach, California, has at length produced it, having received it from Russian War Relief, Inc., for which organization Miss Helen Hayes made a transcription of it early in April. Last November, Miss Hayes spoke on the Blue Network about her work as chairman of the Milk Fund of Russian War Relief, and read the poem from a Russian children's book. Its real title appears below. It is particularly appropriate now, because of the "Write to Russia" campaign. On June 22, the second anniversary of the Nazi invasion of the U. S. S. R., Russian War Relief will send millions of personal letters from individual Americans to individual Russians. Any of my readers who may wish to write to a Russian fighter, worker, student, artist, or any other type, may send the letter to his own local branch or to 11 East 35th Street. The English words of this poem are by Annemarie Ewing, Radio Director of Russian War Relief. The original was written by L. Kvitko.

LETTER TO VOROSHILOV

To Marshal Voroshilov
I wrote a little note;
Next month I will be ten years old,
And this is what I wrote:

"Dear Comrade Voroshilov.
Somebody I hold dear
Is joining your Red Army;
He comes of age next year.

He is my older brother
Our village blacksmith, too;
The strongest man in town—that's why
I'm sending him to you.

Dear Comrade Voroshilov,
Believe me, you'll be glad,
When in the brave Red Army
You see this sturdy lad.

For now I hear the Fascists,
Like some bold robber band,
Have planned to start a war against
Our sweet and Soviet land.

Dear Comrade Voroshilov,
Please heed these words of mine,
And put my older brother
Right on the firing line.

He shoots so straight, my brother,
As you yourself will see;
No Fascist that he aims at
Will live to torture me.

But if, dear Voroshilov,
While fighting valiantly,
My brother dear should perish,
Then quickly write to me.

I'll grow up in a hurry,
A dozen years I'll race,
To take my brother's rifle—
To take my brother's place!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.



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# PERSONALS

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**PEDDIE SCHOOL MASTER,** healthy, thirty-nine, desires employment on suitable farm or summer project where he can take wife and thirteen-year-old son. Mid-June to September. Box 42-H.

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**REMEMBER OUR AD** of Maple Syrup in this column April 17, 24, and May 1? The government ceiling has now upped to $3.75 a gallon. Customers mentioning Saturday Review can still have our Maple Syrup at $3.39 a gallon. F.O.B. Forest Farms, Jamaica, Vermont.

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# PERSONALS

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**TEACHER** nearing retirement age, with small pension, wants semi-working home; caretaker, companion, personal service (what have you), where she can read, watercolor, needlepoint in spare time. Good listener, poor talker, good reading voice, excellent health; seeks correspondence. Box 46-H.

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La Luz, New Mexico

"Whoe'er has traveled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn."

Betty and Osborne Wood, Mi Casa.

# CLASSIFIED

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# If they win ...only our dead are free

These are our enemies.

They have only one idea — to kill, and kill, and kill, until they conquer the world.

Then, by the whip, the sword and the gallows, they will rule.

No longer will you be free to speak or write your thoughts, to worship God in your own way.

Only our dead will be free. Only the host who will fall before the enemy will know peace.

Civilization will be set back a thousand years.

Make no mistake about it — you cannot think of this as other wars.

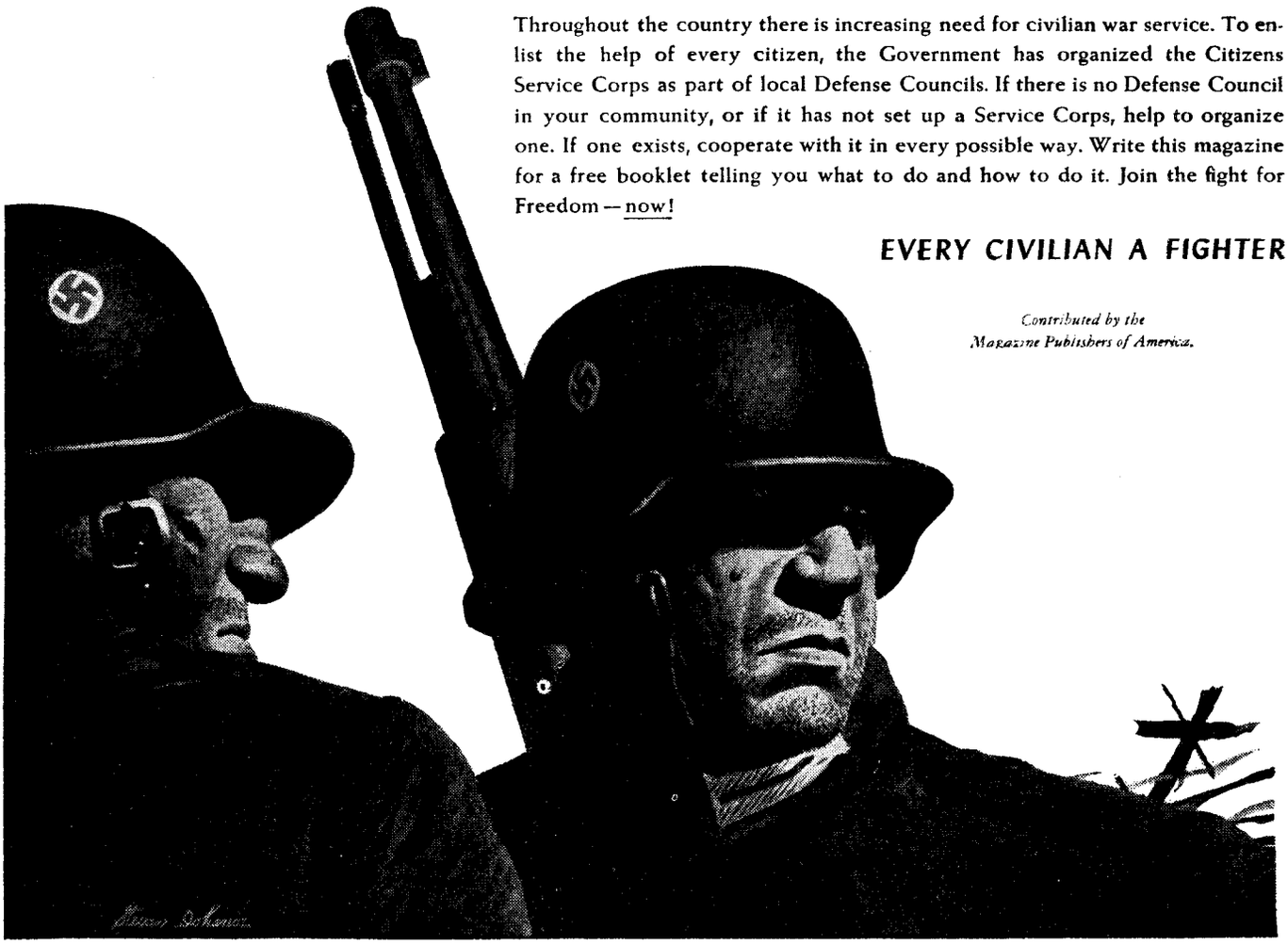
You cannot regard your foe this time simply as people with a wrong idea.

This time you win — or die. This time you get no second chance.

This time you free the world, or else you lose it.

Surely that is worth the best fight of your life

— worth anything that you can give or do.



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